

Illustrated News

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SMELT FISHING IN BOSTON HARBOUR.—FROM SKETCHES BY SAM. FRIZZEL.

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TEMPERATURE,
as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and
Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1880			
January 30th, 1881.							
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.. 24°	6°	15°		Mon.. 33°	12°	22°	5
Tues. 24°	6°	15°		Tues. 25°	5°	15°	
Wed.. 26°	16°	21°		Wed. 32°	14°	23°	
Thur. 26°	8°	17°		Thur. 41°	21°	31°	
Fri.. 8°	-2°	3°		Fri.. 40°	32°	36°	
Sat... 6°	-6°	zero		Sat... 32°	1°	16°	5
Sun... 6°	-8°	1°		Sun... 32°	-6°	13°	

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 5, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE trial of the Traversers in Dublin has closed, as scarcely anyone ever doubted it would close, in the discharge of the jury without a verdict. The whole circumstances of the case rendered such a result almost a foregone conclusion. The only other ending possible was one which by the entire acquittal of the accused parties would have been a pronounced triumph for the Land League. It is better as it is. The trial from beginning to end has been a farce, and its conclusion is at least something to be thankful for.

The trial itself has been considerably shortened by the abandonment of what seemed to many the most important count in the indictment. The counsel for the crown decided that it was impossible to try the Land Leaguers on the charge of inciting the tenantry to resist evictions. Not only does this resistance lie at the root of the whole matter, but it is the only case in which the Land League has directly counselled resistance to the law. The principal reason given is the enormous mass of evidence which would be admitted by this count which would take years to hear, and horrify us with its shocking details. Without it however the whole indictment is, as we have said, a gigantic farce. More than this it seems a premium on resistance to constituted authority. For mere consistency's sake the charge should have been pressed and the world given an opportunity of hearing those very details which it seems the Government are desirous to suppress. For it is not the verdict of the jury who sat on the case in Dublin that really signifies, but the verdict of the world and society by which the whole Irish question will be ultimately judged.

A RECENT letter in the *Star* has called attention to an abuse in our midst which calls loudly for reform. It is a cruelty, and a useless cruelty, that the horses used for hacking and carting in this City should be clipped and singed close to the skin in the severe weather which prevails here. We believe that the practice is highly injudicious as applied to ordinary carriage horses, and that many a severe cold may be traced to this unreasonable exposure, but their case is altogether different from that of the hack horses which stand for hours at a time with insufficient clothing in many cases, and in all with their lower extremities exposed to a degree of cold

which would be trying to them in their natural condition. We might take a hint in this matter from the English custom of clipping the back and sides, and leaving the hair on the belly and legs, if indeed it be desirable to interfere with nature at all in the matter, which, in the majority of cases, seems more than questionable.

A DISTINCTLY novel feature in Entertainments, or to speak more correctly in the manner of obtaining admission thereto, is the announcement of a performance in aid of the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Harlem, to which entrance is to be obtained neither by love nor money, but by the donation of a book. The nature of the book is not specified, nor need it be strictly new, though dime novels, paper covers, and pamphlets are barred. It is understood, however, that anyone offering a copy of *Endymion*, will be shown into a back seat, and works on the Eastern Question will admit to the gallery only. Seriously, the scheme seems likely to result in an increase of the Association's library, though the collection will be probably of a rather miscellaneous character.

THE literary world is struck with admiration at the charming essay on "Ophelia" by Helen Faucit, now Lady Martin, which appears in the January *Blackwood*. Seldom has a more refined and delicate tribute been paid to one of the most fascinating and yet perhaps least understood of Shakespeares heroines. Helen Faucit's rendering of the character will be remembered by many, and the debt under which she placed all lovers of Shakespeare by her really artistic impersonation is increased manifold by this contribution to the literature of dramatic criticism. Though indeed criticism is not the word to describe what seems more like inspiration; the play of a fancy that has identified itself with all that is delightful in the character, and lacks neither the mode of expression, nor even the power of analysis. We have to thank Lady MARTIN for a pleasure that is rare as it is, welcome; for a criticism that is not stilted; an analysis that loses none of the charm of the representation as we remember it.

THE accounts that reach us from the old country of the snow blockade there, describe such a picture as England very rarely presents. A general suspension of the postal deliveries was caused on the morning of the 19th, and tales are told of snowed-up trains and blockaded passengers without our conveniences of snow ploughs to charge the drift, or even the companionship afforded by through communication with their fellow sufferers; without even adequate means of keeping warm. If it is unpleasant, as it undoubtedly is, to be blocked in a snow drift with a well warmed car, and the society of a sufficient number of fellow sufferers, it is comfort itself compared with the case of the passengers even in a first-class carriage at home: boxed up in a small compartment, unable to communicate even with the guard, except by sounding an alarm and creating a general disturbance, with a foot-warmer which gets colder every moment as the only attempt at warmth—Enough! Let us rejoice that we are not as they.

BOYCOTTING it seems has not only given a new word to the English language but will soon require to be translated into French, where the art itself has been recently adopted with some success at the military college at Saumur. This famous cavalry school is a very aristocratic institution, and being invariably filled by wealthy young men to the number in all of above 600, it is, as may be supposed, a source of considerable revenue to the town. It pleased however M. MARTIN, a newly appointed commissary of Police, to make war upon the school, the cadets having apparently offended his democratic notions by their exclusiveness and "airs." In pursuance therefore of his laudable purpose of reading

the "conceited puppies" as he termed them, a lesson, he inflicted several small annoyances in the way of arrests, &c., and in complaining to the authorities expressed himself in such insolent terms as to bring down upon himself the vengeance of the whole institution. An appeal was made to the Mayor for his dismissal, and upon the failure of that gentleman to comply with the request, the town was put under ban, and for a fortnight no member of the school would enter it under any pretence. The townspeople naturally sided with their bread and butter, and the immediate result of this determined measure was the defeat of the Mayor at the elections then just due; but whether the obnoxious official is yet removed from his post we have not learned. At any rate the experiment is novel and instructive.

THE STAGE AS AN ELEMENT OF MORAL TEACHING.

The innumerable criticisms which have appeared on all hands upon the acting and character of SARAH BERNHARDT; the discussions which journals of all denominations have entered upon during the last month, as to her claims to be considered a great actress, bring us by no violent transition to the discussion of the stage itself and its true position in relation to society.

And first as to the claims which have so often been made as to its power for good and the moral teaching it has for its frequenters. The claim is without foundation, absolutely, and for two main reasons. The atmosphere of the stage is sensational,—I do not use the word in any bad sense, but simply as implying a direct appeal to the senses—and sensational teaching can have no true place in morals. It is not that the stage is, or need be, immoral in itself, but simply that from its very character it is incapable of exercising an influence at all, except in a secondary way, upon our moral nature.

But the second reason of which I have spoken is even more emphatic as against this pretended claim. The stage cannot be a teacher of morals because its teaching, like itself, is unreal. The play may contain a moral lesson, but the *medium* it is upon which all depends in conveying moral truths to ordinary minds, and where, as in this case, the medium is one of unreality, the teaching itself must perforce partake of that nature.

A recent writer in the *Revue Canadienne* has made a strong point against the theatre from a point of view nearly akin to, though not identical with, that of the moralist. The theatre, he maintains, under existing conditions is destructive of the ideal. The majority of modern dramas are valueless judged as literary productions, while of works of real merit, those alone in which we have no cause to complain of the actors are those which we do not see on the stage but are content to read for ourselves. This criticism does not deny to many of our modern actors and actresses the possession of real talent; it merely denies the possibility of producing the ideal which we insensibly raise for ourselves out of the materials which a great poet or dramatist lays at our disposal. Who has not felt the rude shock, the sudden descent from the realms of imagination, when the Hamlet of one moment becomes the stage player of the next. And even granted that the principal parts of dramas are perfectly represented, that the support is not lacking, that the accessories are as good as they may be, and answer me honestly the question: Did you, or any other theatre-goer, ever manage to lose your sense of the unreality of the whole thing, ever forget in fact that it was *acting*, for more than a passing moment? Looked at in this way, what has the stage to teach us, that we may not better learn by reading. Then at least we may let our imagination run free, we may picture to ourselves the characters of the master's creation themselves and not their mere stage representatives. It is easier far to picture an ideal to oneself than to trace the features of that ideal under the mask of an actor.

And so it is that in reality, the performances of the Greeks came nearer to the production of that ideal in the very points in which our modern stage deems itself superior. In abandoning all attempt at actual representation of the different characters, save in so far as was necessary to distinguish one from another, they allowed the mind to concentrate itself upon the words of the poet and forsaking the stage to form its true ideal within itself. Thus I believe to day it is easier to obtain a true and comprehensive grasp of the great masterpieces of Shakespeare or Molière in reading, or better yet in hearing them well read.

Has the stage then no *raison d'être* you ask; or where do you place it, and how limit its enjoyment. The stage is in itself unobjectionable, great though the abuses are which have clustered about it. I would only have you look upon it as an amusement, a cultivated and refining influence if you will, but throughout an amusement only, and not a school of moral teaching. There is much to be gained from the theatre, much pleasure, much relaxation, much rest for the mind, and it may be, material for its fresh supply, but what we gain, we gain in intellect and imagination, not in morals. If this be distinctly understood, if we admit to ourselves that the theatre is amusement, and rank it in the true place which such amusements should occupy in our scheme of life, of which I shall have more to say on a future occasion, then it is surely free to us under the ordinary restriction only of excess. "The stage has stood for three thousand years" says another writer "because it has a basis in Human Nature. It represents an art and society never drops an art."

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE REPORT ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY CARRIED
—MR. LANDRY'S DISGUISE—THE PATENT
AMENDMENT ACT IN THE SENATE—DEATH
OF HON. MR. LETELLIER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, January 29th, 1881.

Yesterday morning at about eight o'clock after two all-night sittings, the resolutions of concurrence in the report of the Committee of the Whole on the Government Pacific Railway project were carried. No less than twenty-three amendments were moved by the Opposition and voted down by preponderating majorities, the Government not only not losing a man, but making one gain, that of Mr. Coupal. This was a sorry and disappointing conclusion of so much violent, protracted and obstructive opposition. It is possible that had the vote been taken at an earlier stage the result might have been a little different. It is certain that many of the members felt a little timid and weak-kneed at the first blush, whose convictions in favour of the measure hardened and stiffened as the debate proceeded, a very bad sign for the Opposition in many senses; and this was especially the case after the holiday recess which afforded members opportunities to see their constituents and hold meetings. The fact of the Opposition meetings being nowhere unanimous, and often largely divided, it being even found necessary to make admission to that in Montreal by ticket, was a great triumph for the Ministerial side, and a corresponding disheartenment for the other. From this point the protracted opposition shewed a very gross mistake of tactics. It was much worse than useless, and Mr. William Macdougall hit a hard blow when he said that he was convinced from his visit to his own constituents that the attempted appeals from the House of Commons to the people would prove delusive to the declaimers against the measure, the common popular sense being decidedly in its favour.

The first division was reached on Wednesday morning after an all-night sitting at about 5.20 o'clock, on Mr. Blake's amendment of which I before gave you a short summary. This was yeas 54; nays 140; that is not far from three to one. Messrs. Abbott, Cameron of Victoria, Mongeais, DeCosmos, White of Hastings, Perrault, Mackenzie and Snowball were absent. Mr. Cockburn of West Northumberland, rose from a sick bed to give his vote, this being his first appearance after his recent terrible illness. The vote was received with very loud Ministerial cheering. It was indeed the most important and the most decisive that has occurred since the Union.

I think it unnecessary to give a notice of the whole twenty-three amendments and the votes thereon. Some of them were purely negative, and all of them a reiteration of points which we have had at such wearisome length and with such painful repetition during this long debate.

That of Sir A. J. Smith affirmed that the contract should not have been let without advertising for tenders, and that of Sir Richard Cartwright that the Government was giving too much of both land and money. Mr. Burpee moved for the postponement of the British Columbia section, and Mr. Laurier for the substitution of the Sault Ste. Marie route for that north of Lake Superior. Not a man changed his vote on any of these amendments. The Syndicate measure may, therefore, be virtually considered as the law, as it cannot be supposed the measure can have any difficulty in the Senate, and as to the talk about the Governor-General which we have had in some of the newspapers, that is the sheerest nonsense. If His Excellency had desired to negative the measure his time would have been at an altogether previous stage, and in that event the probability is that Sir John would not now have been First Minister. Besides it is the grossest presumption to suppose that the Governor-General is opposed to the measure, if it is not something very much worse. There may come further votes at other stages of the Bill in the House, but the battle has been fought and won, and any further opposition would be simply bootless obstruction.

There is one simple and cardinal fact, which will loom up and challenge the attention of the people in spite of all the wild haranguing and reams of writing we have had, viz., that the total sum of money which this Dominion is called upon to pay for a through Pacific Railway, in addition to what it has already paid, or pledged to pay, which is the same thing, is \$25,000,000. The land which is given would be practically valueless without the railway, and besides the Government would have given it to anybody for nothing on condition of settlement, and have grown rich by that operation. But whatever value attaches to that land, the same will also attach to the vast areas still left in the possession of the Government, and from which, both directly and indirectly, it will, in one decennial, get enough of money to recoup its total outlay. Then as to all the side objections which have been raised they will really all be favourably settled by the simple operation of commercial interest. An exemption from a customs duty may not be *per se*, a desirable thing, but in this case, it is of no practical importance, as steel rails, the principal item to be affected already come free. All the remaining exemptions have simple reference to the supplies for the road bed, countervailing advantages being promised to those persons who, under the operation of the National policy would be entitled to protection, as respects those articles on which duty would otherwise have been paid.

There were some scenes in the House and manifestations of impatience, such as slamming desks, and other noises during these protracted sittings. But nothing more than is usual in all deliberative bodies. One of the most amusing of these incidents was the disguising of himself as a stranger by Mr. Landry, the member for Montmorency; he powdered his hair and moustache, and was actually not known when the vote was called by the Assistant Clerk, the whole scene producing roars of laughter.

Some returns have been brought down during the week, but up to Friday morning the discussion of the Pacific railway measure precluded all other debate.

The Patent Act Amendment Bill was again discussed in the Senate, and many objections raised to it, with some of which Sir Alexander Campbell, who had the Bill in hand, seemed disposed to agree. It was objected that the Bill either went too far or not far enough, and that it was, in fact, in the form in which it stood, an omnibus of private bills, under the title of a Patent Amendment Act. The question is, whether a patent, which intended to be renewed, and might be, under the provisions of the existing law, should be allowed to expire, if either, by inadvertence, ignorance, failure of the post, or any other cause the application for renewal should be a day too late. Or having expired should there be any means provided to bring it to life again. If so, it would seem fair to allow this in all cases under the operation of a general bill, instead of simply to the 10 or 12 persons who would be benefitted by the bill before the Senate. This is a point, which it seems to be considered by a special committee of the Senate. The practice of the department of agriculture at the present time, is to treat as absolutely dead, any patent which might in the forms prescribed, be renewed for a further term, if the application for any reason whatever, should happen to arrive the day after the term limited by the patent itself. This practice is, undoubtedly, in conformity to the law as it exists, and it is a question if a door can be opened which will not admit of a great many irregularities.

The House of Commons met again at the usual hour on Friday afternoon. But the members were too tired to do any serious business, and there was an early adjournment.

Many expressions of regret were manifested to-day at the news of the death of the Hon. L. Letellier de St. Just, the late Governor of Quebec, at his residence at Rivière Ouelle. Mr. Letellier was undoubtedly the ablest man of his party in the Province; and it is probable that his removal from the Government had a great deal to do with the illness which has resulted fatally. I find that the whole of these proceedings are matter for regret—I mean his own act in dismissing his Ministers as well as his removal, as, however much one might condemn his act, it was still one which came within his

function as governor. I think also that the fact of his act not having been cordially accepted by his party in Ontario was a special bitterness. But all that is past now; and his death causes general regret. I should add that Mr. Letellier was a man of infinite resource, who always watched his chance, and it was the knowledge of this fact that made the opposition to him so relentless. Men are grateful or the reverse in expectation of favours to come.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On the front page this week we reproduce some clever sketches of Mr. Samuel Frizzels, of the smelt fishery in Boston Harbour, an important branch of the national industries of the United States.

The designs for kettledrum cards are from the Art Amateur, and will be found of assistance to those of our readers who are in search of artistic designs to copy. We shall try from time to time to re-produce similar plates for the benefit of those of our subscribers who do not take the various art papers.

OUR British Columbia sketches of last week were so well received that we offer a second series culled as before from various sources. We shall be most happy to receive similar sketches of all parts of the country from any of our friends who may possess a little taste for drawing. It is only in this way that we can expect to furnish new and interesting matter to our readers.

The state of affairs in Ireland still continues to occupy a large share of public opinion and we present our readers with a page of sketches in various parts of the country. The title of these illustrations speak for themselves and the artist has read us a deep lesson in his representation of puppets and wire-pullers; the misled peasant skulking behind a hedge to carry out the bloody purposes of the gang of selfish and unprincipled leaders who plot assassinations wholesale without daring to move a finger themselves. From such men as these may Ireland soon be delivered.

NEXT week we shall have for our readers some Toronto items, amongst them a drawing by our special artist of the Yacht Club Ball. We have arranged also for a series of illustrated sketches of life in the North-West among the Mounted Police.

TOBOGGANING AND SKATING PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

During the Christmas holidays a number of guests were entertained by His Excellency at Government House, and the festivities were closed with a tobogganing and skating party.

For the benefit of those of our readers who have never been at Ottawa we will describe the arrangements at Government House, for the enjoyment of these sports. In the grounds to the north of the Hall, there is a natural depression which is taken advantage of, and on the summit of the highest hill is erected a large wooden slide, known as a "Mountain House," having flights of steps leading to the top which is somewhere near 100 feet from the ground. The "floor" of this trough is kept well covered with snow and sometimes is iced. The tobogganists having climbed to the top and having been arranged securely on the toboggan by an attendant, are let off, shooting first over the glare ice, then down, down until flying with the speed of the wind—at any rate swiftly enough to take away one's breath—the toboggan stops near the rising ground opposite, which is reached by a short stair, and another slide brings the sliders to the foot of the large "Mountain House," thus making a circuit and preventing accidents. There are two skating rinks, both uncovered, but kept in the best possible order. The new one has been laid among the tall trees, thus giving a much-to-be-desired shelter on a windy day. It is irregular in form, having a little inlet which makes it appear like a small natural lake. His Excellency has had a small log hut erected for convenience of the skaters, affording a comfortable place to put on and take off skates, &c. It is this hut that forms part of the background in the group which we reproduce in this number, which was taken by Mr. Topley on the morning of the day appointed for the tobogganing and skating party. As usual, every means was taken to make the scene that evening a charming picture. Some hundreds of Chinese lanterns were arranged in lines down each side of each slide, around each rink, and connecting the rinks, while at the new rink a number were arranged so as to spell the words "Happy New Year."

In the open space between the rinks and midway between the slides a large bonfire was erected which threw a lurid glare for a great distance, making dancing shadows on the snow. These vari-coloured lights, the ring of the skates, the swift returning sound of the toboggans, the shouts of the merry party all combined to make a scene never to be forgotten. Refreshments were served to the hundreds of guests in a style befitting the Vice Regal host.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 34 Beaver Hall Terrace.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

There is an open space before the miserable front which Guildhall presents to the world, and this, as I approached it, was swarming with flocks of pigeons, which alternately swept down upon the ground and rose into the air. It was strange and pretty to see this multitude of gentle, winged creatures in the very heart of London. They are not always visible, I was told; but like Gog and Magog they were an "institution." They brought at once to mind the flocks that Hilda watches from her tower window, in Hawthorne's Roman romance. But not only the pigeons favored me. There was a little crowd before the hall, and some commotion; the reason of which proved to be that on that day the Lord Mayor visited the hall in state. He was just coming out, and I saw him ascend his great, yellow, gilded coach, in which was a man wearing an enormous fur cap, which made him look like that domestic instrument whilom used for washing windows, called a pope's head. A huge straight sword was thrust out of one of the windows of the carriage. The coach started, and a tall footman in a gorgeous light blue livery sprang after it, and mounted it as it moved took his place beside another of like splendor, and his "lordship" was driven off. It seemed to me that a man of any sense must be very glad to get out of such a vehicular gimcrack as that, and to rid himself of such a preposterous companion as the man with the pope's-head. I wondered how they could sit in the coach and look at each other without laughing. Nothing could be more out of place, more incongruous, than this childish masquerading seemed to be with English common sense, and with the sobriety and true dignity befitting such an official person as the mayor of the city of London. But I was told that the people of London rather insist upon this puerile pageantry; and that the attempt of some previous Lord Mayors to mitigate the monstrosity of the "Lord Mayor's show" (although it is of very modern origin) was received with disfavor, and had sensibly diminished their popularity.—Richard Grant in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

The annual meeting was held in the society's hall, Place d'Armes, on Monday the 24th current, at 8 p.m., pursuant to notice, when there was a fair attendance of the officers and members of the society. The chair was occupied by the President, Dr. H. H. Miles, who, the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting having been dispensed with, as these were given in the recently issued "*Transactions*," No. 1, Vol. 1, 1880, presented a brief report of the society's affairs and of what had occurred in the Geographical World, since the month of May, 1880.

The Society, it was stated, had now convenient quarters of its own in Place d'Armes, and hoped to elicit the sympathy and support of its members, and of the public generally, by means of the more ample provision which had been made in the way of accommodation, and by the increased opportunities afforded for consulting its collection of charts and standard Geographical works, forming the nucleus of its library. The motto of the Society, embodied in the words: "To know our territorial habitation; the Soil is to the nation which inhabits it what the body is to the soul by which it is animated," was cited, as well as the main objects of the Society.

The President stated, that, had such a Society been founded 25 or 30 years ago, in Canada, and fostered, like other Associations by moderate grants of money from the public chest, there would not now exist the dearth of reliable information concerning the regions between the Northern parts of old Canada and the Western Coasts of North America, which really did exist, as shown in the recent debates in the Canadian House of Commons, and which had been the occasion of the expenditure of millions of the public money without, as alleged, equivalent benefit.

The following are the officers of the Society for 1881:

President—Dr. H. H. Miles, re-elected.
Vice-Presidents—T. Ledrait, E. T. Fletcher, S. Lesage, Esqs.
Corresponding-Secretaries, English—W. C. Seaton, Esq.; French, M. Chouinard.
Assistant-Secretaries, English—Col. Colfer; French, M. Le Vasseur.
Recording-Secretary—Crawford Lindsay, re-elected.
Assistant Do.—M. Fremont.
Treasurer—L. P. Sirôis, Esq., N. P., re-elected.
Librarian—M. P. de Cazes.
Additional members of the Council:—Hon. P. Fortin, M.P., re-elected; Hon. G. Ouimet, Hon. H. G. Joly, M.P.P.; F. Sims, Esq., Treasurer Department; Dr. Dionne, Assistant Do.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AMBEROISE THOMAS is reported to be engaged in the composition of an opera, written expressly for Mlle. Van Zandt, the libretto of which is taken from "*Le Mariage de Loti*."

MR. EDWIN BOOTH appeared as *Iago* at the Princess' Theatre recently to a house of exactly nineteen persons. The terrible storm without was, however, responsible for the meagreness of the audience.

MISS EMMA NEVADA, a young American girl from California, obtained a signal success in Florence, where, at a recent performance, "the audience rose in a mass and saluted the wonderful singer with screams and shouts of approbation. Miss Nevada is but eighteen years old. Her voice is a light soprano, reaching without difficulty the *mi* and *fa* in alt.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DISASTROUS rains and floods continue in the south of Spain.

THE Siemens electric railway in Berlin is to be opened on the 1st prox.

THE Russians have carried the Turcoman positions at Geoktepe after a desperate encounter.

GERMAN agriculturists are crying out about the importation of American productions.

MR. GLADSTONE says the rumour as to his being about to accept a peerage is groundless.

THE jury in the trial of the Irish traversers have been discharged, being unable to agree.

HANLAN is obliged to migrate to Southampton for practice, on account of the quantity of ice in the Thames.

GREAT anxiety is felt in St. Petersburg concerning General Skobeloff's forces at Geoktepe.

THE troop ship *Euphrates* with reinforcements to the number of 1,300 on board, has reached Durban.

THE cotton trade in Russia is in such a depressed condition that the mills are working on short time or closing down altogether.

ON account of apprehended Fenian trouble, the War Office has ordered the armory at the Tower of London to be closed to the public.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT read an interesting paper on the "Future of Canada," in the Royal Colonial Institute rooms recently.

ALL the Powers have accepted the Sultan's proposal to re-open negotiations on the Greek question at the Turkish capital.

NEWS of alarming preparations in Chinese Manchuria towards the Siberian frontier, has been received at St. Petersburg.

THE colliers' strike in the North of England is spreading so rapidly that a coal famine is feared unless the masters and colliers come to terms.

THE Russians on the 24th inst., captured Geoktepe and Dengiltepe after a desperate engagement, and enormous loss to the Turcomans.

TRAVEL is seriously impeded in England by the heavy snow, and several wrecks of trains are reported. The snowfall in France has also been very heavy, while in Spain great damage has been done.

THE Cape mail steamer "Dunrobin Castle," while proceeding to sea, was so disabled by floating ice near Gravesend that she was compelled to put back and transfer her mails and passengers to another vessel.

THE Home Rulers kept up the debate on Mr. Forster's Bill in the Imperial Parliament till 2 p.m. the next day, when Mr. Gladstone's motion to give precedence to the bill was carried by 251 to 33.

A FORT BUFORD despatch says Sitting Bull has formally surrendered himself to the Canadian authorities, requesting to be sent under an escort of the North-West Mounted Police to Buford, where he is prepared to surrender to Major Brotherton.

LARGEST BOOK PUBLISHED.—The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary just issued, is believed to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other one dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete an aid in getting an education.

THE COLOUR OF CLOTHES.—The colour of clothes is not a matter of indifference. White and light-coloured clothes reflects the heat, whilst black and dark-coloured materials absorb the heat; hence it is that in summer we wear light-coloured dresses. But, after all, light colours are really best at all seasons; for though black and dark substances absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off soonest. There is no doubt that white clothing retains the heat of the body longer than dark clothing. The coachman will tell you that his white duffel coat is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any other kind of coat, and the brewer's drayman will wear his white stocks all the year round. The true reason for our preference of dark-coloured clothing in winter and during bad weather is economy. It is a question of soap and washing, not of comfort, which decides us to choose these colours in materials which do not bear constant washing, such as wool and silk, which show the dirt least, and retain their colour longest. In the summer, when ladies wear linen and cotton fabrics which do not suffer in the wash tub, they can indulge in their love of white and delicate tints of colour.

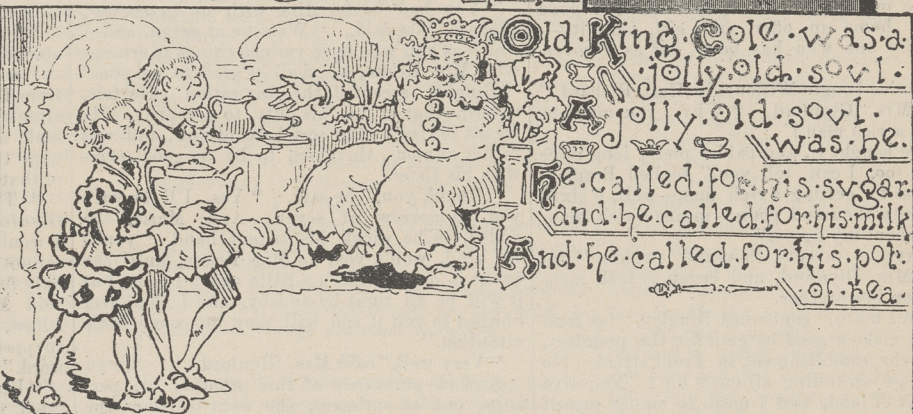
BENEFACTORS.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical, but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubts and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honoured and blessed by all as benefactors.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND FRENCH MISSION CHURCH AND SCHOOLS, MONTREAL.

Some more. Kettle-Drum- Cards.



Drawn by
Geo. R. Halm



AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENGAGED.

And are you really going to marry her, Richard?" cried Mrs. Glynford, half rising in her extreme surprise at Bingley's announcement.

"I suppose so," said Bingley. "That usually follows, doesn't it, when a young lady accepts a man?"

"Well, I am surprised!" said Mrs. Glynford.

"It's a queer affair, I think," said Mr. Glynford, senior, glancing uneasily at William.

William Glynford had turned extremely pale, and his look was fixed with a stern and inquiring expression on Mr. Bingley.

"I don't see how it's a queer affair!" retorted Bingley to Mr. Glynford's remark. "I am quite in a position, I think, to marry, and to marry a lady. I have bought Willoughby Hall and the property round it, and that is a good enough home to offer any girl, isn't it?—especially one who has been out as a governess?"

"You've bought Willoughby Hall, Richard!" cried Mrs. Glynford. "Why, you must be getting a rich man?"

"I've bought it, and paid a pretty long price for it, too, I can tell you," replied Bingley. "And as for getting a rich man—well, if sixty or seventy thousand pounds means a rich man, that's about my figure."

"Sixty or seventy thousand pounds!" repeated Mrs. Glynford, and began to look more kindly on her brother.

"And I mean," continued Bingley, "as soon as I can make a good bargain for the premises, to cut the establishment in Front street. No need to go on toiling all one's life! No; I've got a bit of land, and I mean to amuse myself with it, and turn a country gentleman before I have done."

"You are an ambitious fellow!" said Mr. Glynford, senior, dryly.

Bingley flushed.

He understood his brother-in-law's innuendo quite well, for he was no fool, and it made him very angry.

"Oh, I can act the gentleman as well as another," he said; "and the young lady that I am going to marry is a born lady, for that matter, though she is poor and has been a governess. But we do not always end as we begin," added Bingley, spitefully, looking at his sister.

"Perhaps you will excuse me, uncle?" said William Glynford at this point of the conversation, rising to leave the room.

"Certainly, my lad," answered his uncle. "You'll look in at tea-time, though, won't you, William?"

"If I can," replied William Glynford; and then he bowed coldly to Mr. Bingley, and left the room.

"That young gentleman," said Bingley, with a gleam of triumph, as William Glynford disappeared, "seems a little put out about my news."

"He is surprised; and I do not wonder at it," said Mr. Glynford, senior, sharply.

"Why should he be surprised?" asked Bingley, captiously.

"Miss Keane is a pretty girl, and I know William admired her," answered Mr. Glynford, "but there's no accounting for taste."

"No; you are quite right," said Bingley, roughly. "Miss Keane has chosen me; and I advise Mr. William Glynford not to interfere between us."

"He never would have married her," said Mrs. Glynford, scornfully.

"Well, he never will marry her," said Bingley; and as he spoke, Mr. Glynford, senior, rose from the table, and, without any apology, went whistling out of the room, and the brother and sister were left alone.

"How are your children?" began Bingley, wishing to be civil.

"Better, poor dears; but it's been very trying," said Mrs. Glynford.

"And you sent for Miss Keane to help to nurse them, didn't you?"

"Yes; but she's of very little use, and has been ill since she's been back. But of course, with all these love-affairs going on!"—and Mrs. Glynford half-sneered, half-laughed.

"Was William Glynford her lover, Maria?" asked Bingley, seriously.

"He gave her a splendid gold locket, at any rate," answered Mrs. Glynford, not without pleasure in the idea of annoying her brother: "and I hope it won't make you feel jealous, Richard, if I tell you that she sleeps with it round her neck occasionally; for I've seen it there."

Bingley frowned, and bit his lip. "I'll put a stop to all that sort of folly," he said, angrily.

"Oh, he never meant to marry her!" said Mrs. Glynford, contemptuously.

Again Bingley frowned. "He went to see

her at Seaton-by-the-Sea, where she lives, at any rate," he said. "I saw him there."

"And you went, too, Richard? How long have you known Miss Keane? How did you become acquainted with her?" asked Mrs. Glynford, curiously.

"I saw her first at the establishment in Front street, and admired her greatly," answered Bingley, slowly.

"And is the marriage to be soon?" asked Mrs. Glynford.

"In a fortnight or so, I think," replied Bingley. "No good dawdling when one has made up one's mind, I think."

After this, Bingley went away. He did not ask to see Laura again, but said that, with Mrs. Glynford's permission, he would call the next day.

Then, upon the strength of Willoughby Hall, Mrs. Glynford made an effort.

"You had better dine with us to-morrow, Richard," she said. "We dine at seven, and—well—as you will have various things to arrange with Miss Keane, we shall be glad to see you."

Bingley accepted the invitation. He felt, indeed, that it was his duty to accept it. He meant to rise in the social world now, and was rather anxious, therefore, to be on good terms with his sister.

"Thank you," he said. "Yes, I'll be with you to-morrow at seven. And, Maria," he added, as he shook his sister's hand, "you'll be kind, won't you, to Miss Keane, until the event is over? She's a little upset to-day, but it will be all right by-and-by, and I shall feel obliged to you if you will show her some little attention."

"Very well," said Mrs. Glynford. And in pursuance of this promise, or, perhaps, out of curiosity, she went to Laura the moment her brother was gone.

She found her sitting with the sick children and the nurse, with a bright colour on each cheek, and a strange, excited look about her.

Mrs. Glynford was not a clever woman, nor a thoughtful one. She regarded only the surface of things, and noticed not the undercurrents which ebb and flow in each human heart.

She saw only, therefore, that Laura Keane had a bright colour, and supposed that this arose from her delight at being about to marry a rich man, and because her days of poverty and dependence were nearly over.

"So," she said, before the nurse, "I have to congratulate you, Miss Keane?"

Laura did not speak. She looked for a moment at Mrs. Glynford, and then rose hastily and went to the window.

"My brother has told me," continued Mrs. Glynford; "and he has informed me also that he has purchased Willoughby Hall, and that he is going to retire from business. Well, it's a great match for you, Miss Keane, and I hope you will be happy. It is to be in a fortnight, I hear?"

"So soon?" said Laura, turning round, and speaking in a strange and altered voice.

"Well, don't you know? The lady always fixes the day, doesn't she?" said Mrs. Glynford.

"He has fixed everything," said Laura. "I am nothing! I am quite powerless!"

Mrs. Glynford was not very clever, but even she could not now fail to see that there was something wrong somewhere.

"I do not understand you," she said. "You speak as though you were forced to marry my brother."

Again Laura was silent.

"He is coming to dine here to-morrow," proceeded Mrs. Glynford; "but, of course, if there is anything unpleasant—"

"It is no matter," said Laura, as Mrs. Glynford paused. "I have promised; but—but I would rather not speak of it. Let us talk of something else, please, to-night, Mrs. Glynford;" but still that lady felt that there was a mystery about this marriage.

She remembered her own delight and pride when she became engaged to Mr. Glynford, and how fond she had been of talking about her approaching wedding.

But here was a girl who was going to marry a rich man also, who shrank from the subject, and "altogether looked very strange," she told her husband afterwards.

"I tell you what it is, Maria," said Mr. Glynford, senior. "No disrespect to your brother, but the girl's a fool! I don't believe she cares for Bingley. She is marrying him because he is a rich man, and has bought a fine house; but she would have made a better bargain if she had waited a bit."

"You mean William?" said Mrs. Glynford. "I don't believe he ever would have married her."

"Then I do," said Mr. Glynford; "and Miss Keane has lost a better man than your brother, though, remember, as I said before, I

mean no disrespect to him. But William's a fine fellow—an honest, straightforward, generous-minded man; and—and Miss Keane has made a fool of herself!" he added, with some excitement.

CHAPTER XVII.

"GOOE-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE."

When Mr. Glynford saw his nephew again, he expressed pretty much the same opinion to him as he had done to his wife.

"I do not understand it," answered William Glynford, gloomily enough.

In fact this young man was bitterly disappointed at the idea of losing Laura. And he was certain also that there was some mystery about the whole affair. He had not forgotten Laura's startled look when Bingley had appeared before them on the sands at Seaton-by-the-Sea; and he remembered her terrified aspect when his name was announced at his uncle's dinner-table the day before.

"She's marrying for money, as many a pretty girl has done before," said Mr. Glynford, contemptuously.

"I do not believe that," said William, and sighed restlessly.

"Then what on earth is she marrying the fellow for?" asked Mr. Glynford, senior. "He's no beauty, at any rate."

Again William Glynford sighed.

"Maria has asked him to dine to-day," continued his uncle; "and they tell me the wedding is to be in a fortnight. Sharp work, isn't it?"

"Impossible!" said William Glynford, unable to hide his agitation. "In a fortnight?"

"So Maria told me, and she had heard it from Bingley; but it's a queer piece of business altogether. Maria says the girl has a strange look, and won't speak about her marriage. Perhaps they are very poor at home, or something of that sort."

"They are very poor," answered William Glynford; but still she knew—she knows that I would gladly do anything to help her. No; I cannot believe that she is marrying this man only for his money!" "Why don't you ask her?" said Mr. Glynford. "When I was a young fellow, I wouldn't have let the girl I liked be snapped up by another man without saying a word."

"Uncle," said William Glynford, greatly agitated, and beginning to pace the room with hurried steps, "I—I can trust you; you are my friend as well as my uncle; and I will tell you the truth. I have asked Miss Keane. I asked her to marry me last week, and she refused me and bade me think of her no more."

"Then she must be mad!" said Mr. Glynford. "Refuse a fine young fellow like you, well off and all that sort of thing, and accept a common-place, coarse-looking man like Bingley? Why, it's monstrous; the girl must be a lunatic!"

"Yet it is true," said William Glynford; "and it is true also—I am certain that it is true—that she hates and fears Bingley. I have watched her; a girl's countenance doesn't turn gray-coloured and ghastly when the man she loves, the man whom she intends to marry, enters the room. Yet hers did yesterday. Somehow or other, Bingley has obtained power over her, and is now forcing her to be his wife."

"I'll speak to her myself, then," said Mr. Glynford. "There shall be no such kind of work going on in my house. If she chooses to marry him for his money, let her; she is not worth a sigh if that is her motive! But if he's got some hold on the poor lass, and she is doing this against her will, then I won't have it. I'll speak to her this very day; and if she doesn't want to see Bingley any more, see him she shall not."

"If it's anything about money——" began William Glynford eagerly.

The old man patted his nephew kindly on the shoulder. "All right, my lad," he said; "we can square up afterwards; but, in the meantime, any such offer had better come from me. And do you keep up your heart. If she's a good girl, and worth having, you shall have her yet."

When Mr. Glynford, senior, returned home, after his interview in the town with his nephew, he at once sent up one of his servants whom he had met in the hall to ask Miss Keane if she would come down to the library to speak to him for a few minutes.

When the poor girl entered the room, her appearance struck the kindly-hearted man at once with the truest compassion. "My dear," he said, going forward and taking one of her chill, trembling hands in his, "I am an old man, so you must not be offended with me for what I am about to say. It's about this marriage of yours."

"It's no use talking of it Mr. Glynford," said Laura, as Mr. Glynford paused a moment. "It—it must be."

"But why, my dear?" asked Mr. Glynford. "Now, come; I happen to know a thing or two—I happen to know that a certain nephew of mine, a good-looking fellow—ay, and a nice fellow, with an income of a good two thousand a year—has taken a fancy to you, and is very much cut up because you are going to marry somebody else. Now, I don't want to say much against that somebody else—he is my wife's brother, and so I do not care to speak against him—nor do I wish for that matter; but he's over fifty—an old man to you—and he's a coarse, vulgar fellow, to my mind, into the bargain. To compare him with William, in fact, is impossible. So I can't believe—I don't believe—that

he is your real choice. Now, if you have got into any trouble; if you want money, in fact, and are marrying Bingley because of that, or because he has advanced money to you, don't you do it. I'm ready and willing to help you; and so is William. If it's money you want, name the sum, and you shall have it."

Laura's eyes filled, and she took Mr. Glynford's hand in hers. "You are good and generous," she said; "and so, too, is—William. Believe that I appreciate you both; that I know that William's wife would be a happy woman; and—and——"

But here poor Laura stopped, for tears choked her utterance.

"Then what the deuce d'ye hesitate for?" cried Mr. Glynford, trying not to show his own emotion. "If you like William, he likes you; so why don't you make a match of it?"

"There is a reason," faltered Laura—"a cause that I cannot explain. There are some things that may not be told, and this is one of them."

Mr. Glynford looked puzzled. "Well, I don't understand it," he said, presently. "William is a lad of a thousand—an honest, straightforward, gentlemanly fellow; and Bingley is—well, at best a cad! But I'll say no more; you must please yourself."

"Once more let me thank you for your great goodness to me," said Laura, in a broken voice. "And will you tell William—tell him from me that I am not worthy of him—that——"

"Don't distress yourself, my dear," said Mr. Glynford, kindly, as Laura paused. "I asked to see you because I hoped to do some good; but as I cannot, we may as well end this painful interview. Now go away and lie down, and take care of yourself; and, remember, if you change your mind, just let me know."

Laura went away, and lay down in her attic in her lonely nursery. But presently she was forced to rouse herself. At six Mrs. Glynford came to look after her, and to say that it was time for her to dress for dinner; and so, weary and heartsick, Laura rose, dressed, and went down into the drawing-room.

She found Mrs. Glynford already there, and Adolphus John and Mr. Bingley, who had forced himself into a dress-coat for the occasion, made when he had not been so broad across the shoulders or so wide round the waist as at present. Bingley was, therefore, red, uncomfortable, and cross.

"How precious red you are!" said Adolphus John, staring at his uncle during a pause in the rather awkward and constrained conversation which occurred before dinner was announced.

"Do you think so?" answered Bingley, gruffly, wishing that Adolphus John was only his boy just for a few minutes, that was all.

"Ma thinks so, too," continued Adolphus John. "Ma said to 'pa she thought it was drink."

"Hold your tongue, you naughty, wicked boy!" cried Mrs. Glynford, rushing to Master Dolly and shaking him. "How dare you tell such stories?"

"They ain't stories!" said Adolphus John. "You said——"

"Take that, you bad, wicked boy!" said his mother, giving a vigorous slap on Dolly's cheek, and the young gentleman was taken shrieking from the room.

This episode, as may be imagined, did not tend to make things more comfortable.

Bingley felt that his sister had been speaking disparagingly of him before the child, and this was very galling to him. But he tried to smother his wrath, and no further allusion was made to Master Dolly after he had been removed in disgrace.

The dinner passed off as such dinners generally do. Bingley grew in a little better humour, and his coat did not feel half so tight after a glass or two of Glynford's excellent champagne. He also grew more at ease with his sister and Laura, and occasionally ventured a joke or two for the benefit of the two ladies.

After dinner was over, Mrs. Glynford left him alone with Laura.

Then Bingley went up to her, and took her hand. "Well, my dear," he said; "and have you settled it? Is the marriage to be here, or are you going to your mother's?"

"I don't care," said Laura; "it is all the same."

"Then let it be here," said Bingley. "I'll speak to Maria about it, and I don't think she'll make any objection. We will have a quiet affair—no fuss—and bust out afterwards, when we get to Willoughby Hall."

Laura said nothing. She was wondering if a last appeal would do any good—if anything that she could say would induce Bingley to turn from his purpose.

"I have brought you a ring and a locket," said Bingley. "Here they are."

And he put the two jewel-cases in the girl's hand.

She held them for a minute, and then, with sudden passion, sank down on her knees before him, and the jewel-cases fell unheeded on the floor.

"Mr. Bingley," she said, grasping his unwilling hand, "will you hear me—hear me on my knees before you? You know what I would ask. Release me from the promise you wrung from me! Do not force me to marry you, when nothing but misery can result!"

"What folly is this?" said Bingley, angrily. "Get up, girl! What! after everything is settled would you turn back? But it's no good. If you kneel there all day you would get nothing from me."

Then Laura rose, pale and trembling, and stood before him.

"You are a bad and cruel man," she said, "and your crime will come down upon your own head!"

"All right," said Bingley, coarsely. "But, Miss Laura," he added, with a vindictive scowl, "you had better not try any tricks on with me. I've heard of a certain locket that was given to you by a certain young gentleman, and I order you to return that locket at once. And another thing—don't make any more of these scenes, please! I'm not a bad-tempered fellow, but you try me a little too far. Our marriage has to be, so you may as well make the best of it."

"I'll never speak to you again on the subject," said Laura. "Settle it as you like, but let me alone."

"I shall die before it happens," she told herself. "I am dying. My heart will stop beating quite suddenly one day, I am sure, if this goes on, and then he will know that he has killed me."

And in this belief she lived on during the next ten days.

Bingley settled everything.

He gave a check to Maria, of such an amount that his sister was amazed, and told her to get everything necessary.

So Maria spent his money, and bought what she liked, and Laura looked on, almost without speaking a word.

The brother and sister settled that it was to be a very quiet wedding; but still, Bingley wished Laura to be dressed in white satin and lace.

The lace which he provided for this dress alone cost a little fortune; and Mrs. Glynford envied it so much, that he ordered her several yards of the same as a present.

The wedding-dress was certainly very beautiful, and Mrs. Glynford unpacked it with no small pride, and called Laura to look at it.

"There!" she said. "Isn't that splendid? Not many girls are married in a dress like that; and considering it costs you nothing, you might look a little more delighted about it, I think."

Laura stood looking at the gorgeous dress, and with that strange, dull throbbing pain in her heart, which now scarcely ever ceased.

"What day is this?" she said suddenly.

"Monday, child! How stupid you are!" answered Mrs. Glynford, sharply. "This is Monday, and you are to be married on Thursday, so the dress is home in good time."

"Yes," said Laura absently.

"Richard has behaved in a most generous manner," continued Mrs. Glynford.

"Yes," again answered Laura. And then the poor girl left the room, wandering out into the garden (for she was scarcely ever still now), and presently she went down the leafless avenue, just as the early winter was closing in.

As she walked on, aimlessly, despairingly, quite suddenly she encountered William Glynford.

She started violently when she first saw him, and then, without a word, put her hand in his.

He, also, for a moment or two did not speak.

They stood there, hand in hand, looking at each other, and perhaps both with the same miserable thought.

Laura spoke first.

"I am glad I have met you, William," she said,—"glad that I have seen you to say good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" repeated William Glynford, "Then it is true, Laura! You—you are to be married on Thursday?"

"Yes!" said Laura; "and after Thursday, I hope I shall never see you more!"

Nothing could exceed the wretchedness her tone and look expressed as she said these words.

If William Glynford had not known before, he must have been certain now that she was utterly miserable at the prospect before her.

All the tenderness of a man's heart rose within him at this moment.

"Laura," he said, grasping her hand, "why are you about to do this? I have forborne to speak—have, indeed, kept away from you—for it seemed as though you would permit me to do nothing—but I will speak now! I implore you, Laura, by all that is sacred, to pause before it is too late!"

Laura's head fell low, and the next minute William Glynford had drawn her to his breast. "You do not love this man!" he said. "It would be an unnatural and disgraceful marriage! You, a young girl, to marry a man of his age—a man you do not love, and never could love! Laura, you shall not do it! What is driving you to such an act of madness?"

Then Laura looked up at him.

"Were I free William," she said, "I could never be yours!"

"But why?" urged the young man. "What is the power that this fellow has obtained over you? My dear—my love!" he added, drawing her closer,—"it is from no selfish hopes or wishes that I am urging you to give him up! If you desire it, I will never see you again. I will leave Farnham—do anything—if you will give up this man!"

"Oh, would that I were dead!" murmured Laura, on his breast.

"Why that wish?—and why do you not speak the truth?" said William Glynford. "Laura, what have you done? Into what villainous scheme of this scoundrel's have you fallen? Only tell me, and I will ask you for nothing more!"

Laura thought for a moment, and then she answered with a bitter sigh,

"I cannot tell you!" she said. "But," she added, the next minute, "about little Maud? You will be kind still to her, William, even—after—"

"Yes!" said William Glynford, almost impatiently; "even after you are married to Bingley! But," he continued, "if this is to be, I will bid you good-bye now! I will say no more on the subject!"

"Good-bye, William!" said Laura, softly, and lifted her face for him to kiss. "Good-bye, William, for evermore!"

This interview took place on the Monday evening, and all Tuesday and Wednesday was employed by Mrs. Glynford in making preparations for the marriage, which was fixed to take place early on Thursday morning.

No one was invited to be present at the ceremony, and yet Laura was to be arrayed in a gorgeous dress, and Mrs. Glynford was also to be splendidly attired. Bingley gave his sister also her wedding-dress.

He wished, indeed, to be friends now with Mrs. Glynford of Bridgenorth House, and he knew "Maria" well enough of old to be aware that the best way to secure her friendship was to buy it.

So he was very lavish to her during the few days that preceded the wedding.

He came to Bridgenorth House on the Wednesday night, and put a jewel-case into Maria's hand as well as into Laura's.

"I have the ring all safe here," he said, looking at Laura, who gave a visible shudder.

But Bingley took no notice of this. He had been drinking freely, and probably did not see it.

He asked to look at the wedding-dresses, and Laura stood by his side while he admired them.

"Yes," she said, putting her hand on her own; "it is very beautiful. I have never worn such a dress."

"No; I should think not," said Mrs. Glynford. "Do you know how much the lace cost a yard, Laura?"

"Never mind—never mind," said Bingley, with a grand air. "It is my present, and I choose it to be a handsome one. You must look well, my girl, to-morrow, to show all your finery off."

Laura smiled vaguely; and after a little more conversation the bridegroom took his leave.

"Be sure you are here by ten, Richard," said his sister. "I have ordered the carriage to be at the door five minutes past ten, and we shall get to church by half-past."

"I'll be sure to be here," said Mr. Bingley.

And he went up to Laura, and would have kissed her, but she turned away her head.

"That's ungrateful," said Bingley, trying to laugh; "and after the fine dress I have given you, too!"

"I am not ungrateful," said Laura, gently; "and—and, Mr. Bingley, I am grateful to you for the kind letter you have written to my poor mother—I am truly grateful to you for that!"

"She is to be my mother-in-law," answered Bingley, "and I wish to pay her proper attention."

"Thank you!" said Laura again.

And then she parted with her future husband, and went slowly to her own bedroom.

The next morning, about half-past eight o'clock, Mrs. Glynford sent up her maid to call Laura.

Laura still occupied her attic, though, since her engagement to Mr. Bingley, Mrs. Glynford had proposed—and, indeed, pressed her—to use one of the best bedrooms. But Laura had preferred to remain in the attic; and it was to the attic-door, therefore, that the maid went to call her.

The girl rapped twice, thrice, and then, as she received no answer, tried to turn the handle of the door; but, to her surprise, she found that the door was locked.

She shook it, rapped again, and still receiving no answer, began to be alarmed, and went downstairs to tell Mrs. Glynford.

That lady heard her maid's story at first with surprise, and then, becoming a little uneasy also, she put on her dressing-gown, and herself ascended the attic-stairs.

She, too, rapped first, and then shook the door, as her maid had done, with precisely the same result.

Then she called aloud, "Laura Keane!—Laura Keane!" but no answer came to her words.

She now grew really afraid, and sent the maid to bring Mr. Glynford up-stairs.

He came, looking pale and agitated.

"My belief is, Maria," he said, "that something has happened to this poor girl."

"Nonsense, William!" answered his wife.

But even she grew pale after Mr. Glynford had shaken the door with all his force, and called aloud, and in vain, to the supposed inmate of the attic.

"Send for a locksmith," he said, the next minute. "The lock must be picked."

There was some delay, of course; but at last a man from Farnham arrived, and proceeded to pick the lock of the attic-door.

While he was actually engaged in doing this, Mr. Bingley, the bridegroom, arrived also at Bridgenorth House.

He drove up in his grand new carriage, dressed in a new morning suit, with lavender gloves, and a shiny new hat, and, to his surprise, he found the hall-door wide open, but no one there to receive him.

He made his way alone up the grand front staircase, and on the drawing-room landing came upon several scared-looking servants.

"What is the matter?" he asked, and grew pale as he spoke.

"Don't know, sir," answered one of the footmen; "but they can't get the young lady's door open. A man is picking the lock now, and both Mr. and Mrs. Glynford are up-stairs watching him."

Bingley leaned against the bannisters for support; then, with an effort, he partly recovered himself.

"Show me the way," he said to the footman; and followed the man up the attic stairs.

As he reached the landing he saw the anxious group round the attic door—his sister, still in her dressing-gown, and Mr. Glynford, visibly agitated.

Then, just as he was about to speak, the door fell in, and he followed the rest hastily into the room.

There was no one there. All around were scattered Laura's dresses and belongings, and conspicuous hung the grand wedding-dress! at was fated never to be worn. Her jewels, her purse, everything that she possessed, seemed to be lying about; but there was no Laura.

She had disappeared, and had left neither word nor sign behind her to tell where she had gone.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A most interesting story is related in connection with the visit to Sicily of their Italian Majesties. At the time of the arrival of the royal party at Naples, Signor Acton, the Minister of Marine, received a telegram urging him not to allow the royal yacht to put to sea, on account of the stormy weather on the coast. The Queen on beholding the state of embarrassment and perplexity in which the Minister was thrown on receiving the telegram, begged to be allowed to examine its contents. After reading it, with a smile, she wrote beneath in pencil these words—the noble motto of the House of Savoy. *Avanti Savoia!* Nothing more was needed. The yacht departed, and in spite of the prognostics of the naval authorities on the coast of Sicily, the voyage was most successful.

The quaint Norman custom of affixing a horse shoe to the ancient castle walls at Oakham was observed recently. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Lady Aveland, drove to Oakham from Normanton Hall, and had tea with Lady Grace Lowther. The town was gayly decorated, and flags were displayed from the top of the church tower, while the bells rang a merry peal. Her Royal Highness visited the ancient castle, on the walls of which are all manner of horse-shoes, in pursuance of an ancient Norman custom, through which the Lords De Freres were entitled to demand from every baron on his first passing through the town a shoe from off one of his horse's feet. There are several shoes over 200 years old, the most notable being one given by Queen Elizabeth, one by George IV., and one by Queen Victoria. In harmony with this custom a gilt shoe, with the name of the Princess of Wales inscribed on it, will be fastened to the castle wall. The church was also visited, and her Royal Highness was shown the Lady Well, to which pilgrimages used to be made before the Reformation. Her Royal Highness was received with every manifestation of loyalty.

The gifts intended by the Pope for presentation to Prince Rudolph and his bride are being prepared at the Vatican. It is especially desired to unite artistic to intrinsic value. The bride especially is the object of the Pope's attention, and a magnificent table adorned with precious stones, has been already chosen. Other objects have been ordered. The Pope will be represented at the wedding by the Nuncio and one Austrian Cardinal.

The bride of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart. (Miss Flora Sharon) will have an income of her own, of not less than £10,000, Sir Thomas and her father having agreed to settle upon her an annual income of £5,000 each for pin-money. Her late mother's magnificent diamonds are now being reset for her use, to be worn for the first time on her presentation at the next Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. The necklace is said to have cost nearly £20,000, and the parure of gold beautifully wrought by a San Francisco jeweller, is no less curious than valuable, being made of the first golden pepites found in California.

A friend of mine has a rough-haired collie, wise and exquisitely modeled. One evening a lady of the household, with whom he was a special favorite, stooped quietly, as he lay half asleep on the rug, and placing her face close to his head, blew sharply with a slight shout in one of his ears. Ticked and startled, he jumped up and moved off, seemingly offended. In the course of the evening the lady happened to be reclining in an easy-chair, when collie was observed by some of the inmates to rise, and making a circuit, to move stealthily toward the chair, put his fore paws on one of the arms, and, placing his nose close to the lady's ear, to give a sharp bark and instantly bound off.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision; at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Macdonough, in opening the case for the Land Leaguers in Dublin, referred to the fact that he was the only survivor of the counsel who defended Mr. O'Connell and the Repealers in 1843. Mr. Macdonough was counsel on that occasion for Mr. Barrett, editor of the *Pilot*, one of the less notable of the defendants, and one who had never joined the Repeal Association. Of his associates in the defence, one rose to be Lord Chief Justice, one Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, one Chief Baron, and one Judge Advocate General.

HARD ON THE DRINKERS.—Oregon has hit upon a new expedient to keep her citizens sober. Every man who drinks is required to take out a license costing five dollars a year. Unless armed with this document he cannot get his bitters at any hotel or saloon, for it is a penal offense for the proprietors of these establishments to sell to any person without a license. Every six months the names of the persons who take out these licenses are to be published in the local papers, so that the public may know who are and who are not authorized to drink.—*Ez.*

The papers have been entertaining us with an account of a supposed legitimate descendant of "the exiled Stuarts," who died recently in England. The poor gentleman belonged to a family in which such delusions were hereditary, his father and grandfather having had them in other shapes. The last of the exiled house was Cardinal Stuart, who died at Rome in the second decade of the present century. There are plenty of illegitimate descendants of the later Stuart kings, beginning with the descendants of Stephen Fox, the illegitimate son of Charles I., but none legitimate except the descendants of the Princess Elizabeth of the Palatinate, daughter of James I. Of these latter, Queen Victoria is the chief, and is, even on dynastic grounds, the legitimate heir to the English throne.

THE polychrome sculptures of M. Emile Guillemin are on exhibition in Paris. Guillemin is doing much to overcome the instinctive repugnance of people to colored sculpture. We know that the Greeks painted their marbles, but we content ourselves with wondering at it, and are inclined to think that at any rate the art is a lost one, and that we cannot imitate them. M. Guillemin has, however, devoted many years of travel and study to the subject. He has gone to the Orient for his types, for there he finds the richest and most picturesque variety of faces and costumes. The coloring of the Paris sculptures is said to be very brilliant—gold gleaming with its incorruptible splendor, silver with its subdued pale tints, and copper with fine delicate grain—all blended in such a way as to produce ensembles of sustained harmony.

A correspondent of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, writing from Rome, about Christmas and New Year's scenes in that city, speaks of the disappearance of some of the picturesque features of street life since the Pope has retired to the Vatican, and says: "In the streets waves the Italian tri-color. The piazzas are enlivened by officers in national, not French or Papal uniforms. People speak of the King, not of the Pope; of Italy, not of Piedmont. The Leocity is abandoned, the Piazza Colonna has become the place of cheerful traffic. Good lighting of the streets, new city ordinances, diligent continuation of the excavations, care for the safety and cleanliness of the population, freedom of the press, and diligent study of the newspapers, these are the bright acquisitions of recent times. * * The people of Rome speak of the Pope as of a man who lives far away, or who lived long ago, and the visitors to the eternal city have accustomed themselves to live in Rome and not to see the Pope."

HUMOROUS.

SOME Indians use tortoise-shell scalping knives in honour of the fable of the tortoise and the hare.

LITTLE Johnny went fishing without leave lately. "Did you catch anything?" asked a school-fellow. "Not till I got home," was the feeling response.

It was a Yankee who remarked that "Learning is well enough; but it don't pay to give a five thousand dollar education to a five dollar boy."

A BOHEMIAN owed a large sum to his landlord. "Listen," said the landlord one day. "I do not wish to be severe. I will forgive you half the debt." "I cannot remain behind you in generosity," replied the Bohemian; "I forgive you the other half."

TEACHER: "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?" Little boy (shaking his head): "You don't know him; he ain't that sort of boy."

THE trees are beginning to get their trunks in order, and they'll keep them so all winter, so that they can leave early in the spring.

DON'T put me in the river-bank, among the fragrant flowers; nor where the grass is watered by the early summer showers. But put me in the kitchen range, and open wide the damper, and then my vaporous remains can up the chimney scamper.

FOR STYLISH and well-fitting Gentlemen's Clothing, made after the London and American fashions, go to L. Robinson, the practical London tailor, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

\$300 REWARD.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for any thing impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.



Lt.-Col. Strange. Major Holbeck. Col. de Winton. Miss Abbott. Mr. Strange, Marquis of Lorne. Mr. Drummond. Capt. Campbell. Mr. R. Stephenson. Capt. Chater, A. D. C. Mrs. Russell Stephenson. Mr. Bridgeman Simpson.
 Miss Scott. Lord Geo. Campbell. Mrs. Capt. Campbell. Lord Geo. Campbell. Master de Winton. Miss Fellowes.
 Miss de Winton.

THE NEW YEAR TOBoggANING PARTY AT RIDEAU HALL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. TOPLEY



SKETCHES OF LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—No. 2.

THE SPANISH GYPSY BOY IN THE NORTH.

(Translated from the French.)

Far to the south lies sunny Spain,
My childhood's happy home,
Where clear and fresh, by hill and plain,
The Ebro's waters roam.
There giant trees their boughs entwine,
Or in green waters dip,
And purple clusters load each vine
To cool the burning lip.

Sadly I wander with my lute
Throughout the weary day,
For still each kindly voice is mute
That might reward my lay.
And what the guerdon I receive?
A threat—perchance a blow—
And when men see the Gypsy grieve,
They laugh and mock his woe.

These damp chill mists that shroud the sky,
And dim the cheerful light,
Mar the clear notes of melody,
And boyhood's spirit blight.
Through all my music ye may hear
Soft undertones of woe
That sigh for home, no longer near—
My home of long ago.

At that last village festival—
'Twas on the first of May—
The liveliest airs I could recall
I tried my best to play;
But while the happy pairs swung past,
'Mid evening's crimson light,
Down my pale cheeks the tears ran fast,
And oh! full well they might!

For I was dreaming of a time,
And place that memory sees,
Far distant in my native clime,
Beneath broad chestnut trees:
When to the lute's inspiring sound
Gay groups float lightly by,
And youths and maidens in the round
Of mazy dances vie.

Farewell! I cannot stifle more
The yearnings of my breast:
'Tis only on my country's shore
That I can hope for rest.
Away—away—to sunny Spain,
That glorious southern land—
I pine, until I tread again
The Ebro's shady strand!

THE ART-FURNITURE FEVER

That there is an epidemic of the above-named kind will scarcely be denied. The ignorantly familiar appropriation of the terms "Gothic," "Medieval," &c., sufficiently indicates a strong current of popular feeling, in matters of joinery especially, which is ill satisfied with the time-honoured classifications "elegant," "novel," "superb style," &c., which for so long have constituted the sole court of appeal with the ordinary trader and his too-confiding victim.

Where the blame of all that has been perpetrated of late years, under the broad heading of "furnishing," is to be laid or how far censure has been merited, is not the present point. We accept things as they stand, and ask practically, "Is there any good at the bottom of all this revulsion of feeling? We firmly believe there is; and that out of the present chaos of distracted attempts at art-production, our national industry will emerge with a nobler idea of its destiny than that of producing the greatest amount of cheap trash for the supreme contempt of posterity.

Without ignoring the gigantic forces which have enabled the present century to achieve marvels of economy and of rapid production, may we not wish to see these mighty engines subservient to, rather than dominant over, the mind of man?

Nay, are there not desires and aims, and hopes and joys even in regard to the material things of human life, which no mere powers of coal or steam, no organised division of labour, no smallest of profits can ever attain? For the true soul puts forth its choicest blossoms quite regardless of the price that will be set upon the matured fruit, and no inexorable invention of ambitious brain yet forced the man of genius to yield his best treasure.

And now, to come to our point, we want to see a combination—on the part of the public, who buy, and the manufacturers and retail dealers, who sell—which shall have for its end the attainment of sound principles of constructive form, honesty of workmanship, and (if any) appropriateness of decoration and detail.

Of course, to a great extent non-professional people cannot be supposed to understand the laws which should regulate the construction of a chair or of a cabinet; but taking the term "furnishing" in a broader light, we think the exercise of a little discrimination and common sense would result in an understanding upon the subject, which would speedily bring about a corresponding feeling on the part of the furnishing community, who are ever on the alert to cater for the public taste.

We say "common sense," because common sense is at the bottom of all true laws in the spheres of art and taste and only needs thought and culture to develop into the higher regions of aestheticism.

What, for instance, can be less like the exercise of common sense than the blind allegiance given to custom in the matter of furnishing our dwellings? Is it necessary that our drawing-rooms should inevitably be garnished with "walnut suites upholstered in green reps," looking, for the most part, as if they had taken the first step in a quadrille? If only for the impetus given to independent thought on the subject, we welcome the new movement and are content to suffer the vagaries inseparable from all such revolutions for the sake of the ultimate gain.

Nothing is easier than to talk upon "taste" in the abstract; but few things more difficult to advise upon than individual taste, especially where limited, as it is in the majority of cases, by pecuniary restrictions. And here we are fain to observe the abiding connection between character and taste. It is not good taste to run into debt over articles of virtu; or to involve whole families in ruin through our reckless speculation, and, at the same time, to secure our choice collections of paintings or furniture or plate, while bowing our creditors out to the tune of "sixpence in the pound." We are not joking, we assure you. Such a man is at fault in his moral nature; and though by habit or by natural gifts, he may be able to discern the beautiful and the true in art or nature, the highest form of admiration for the beautiful—because of its consistent harmony, its rightness, in a word, its perfection—would be an inconceivable contradiction in one who could allow such turpitude to cloud the loftier spheres of heart and mind, which art and nature only symbolise and, as obedient handmaids, supply with figures and emblems.

Neither is it good taste to adorn our rooms with spurious and ostentatious imitations. This is bad taste, or want of taste if you will; the result of ill-formed character, or false pride, or false shame, which pretends to that which it is not, or shrinks from avowing its true position. The age is sadly one of display; if a man cannot have the gold he will have the gilt, and if another cannot afford the gilt, at least he will borrow it on occasions. We sorely want the courage to be true, and the wisdom to be content with admiring the real, without feeling compelled to possess, for ourselves, a bad imitation of it.

Let diamonds be diamonds, and gold, gold; or at least let us suffer no counterfeit unless for the sake of convenience or utility, as in the case of electro-plating. No honest man wishes his plated service to be taken for silver.

Truth, then, is a fundamental principle of sound taste—that a thing should be what it seems.

As a rule, our kitchens are furnished with least violence to good taste. Probably, for the most part, because actual requirement only is consulted. Every article is placed there for use, and, we venture to say, in its turn, becomes ornamental. Then the, usually, self-coloured walls, of a creamy buff, do not shock our nerves as the patched and gaudy patterns, of modern wall-papers, have been wont to do. The floor is partially covered with a square of matting or floor-cloth in the middle of the room only, leaving the boards bare all round, a practice which has been often advocated for carpeted floors generally, as being much cleaner and more convenient, especially where heavy cabinets and other furniture lined the walls. Then there is the stalwart dresser, of simple unoffending outline, with its rows of neatly arranged dishes and plates, while, over the fire-place hang covers, &c., of bright block-tin, all contributing, rationally and without effort, to the general effect. The kitchen range and fender, be it observed, are frequently the only pardonable specimens of smiths' craft about the house, being usually innocent of those contemptible castings of fruit and leaves which are the glory of our drawing-rooms. The central piece of furniture is usually a table of deal or elm, on four stout legs, connected by bars of wood at either end, with a middle rail running the length way of the table and intersecting the end ones. Sole remnant of true Jacobean framing.

Pray do not arch your brows, fair reader, and say, "Any one could design a kitchen table!" We do not ask you to import this identical table into your boudoir or drawing-room. The principle of construction is, we affirm, perfectly consistent with true beauty of form, and presents no difficulty in the way of legitimate ornament.

"But it is such a common shape, so excessive-ordinary!"—to which we can only say, it seems to us that the plethora of extraordinary shapes and marvellously uncommon productions of the age, in which the eye finds no repose, the mind no lasting pleasure, have so warped our judgement and perverted our notions of right beauty, as to leave us incapable on the one hand of producing, and on the other of appreciating, anything based on natural laws, and requiring for its successful treatment, accuracy of outline—justness of proportion.

The chair, too! We are never tired of admiring the ingenuity and sound sense of the man who first designed the "Windsor" chair, with its comfortable seat (far more comfortable than your first-class railway carriages), and picturesque arrangement of legs and rails—all firmly braced together; still, we believe, maintaining its reputation for cheapness. Indeed we have wondered more than once why people whose means are limited do not prefer some such chairs as this to the more pretentious but flimsy stuff to be found in almost every sea-side lodging-house. We know, indeed, of one eminent living artist who actually has, in daily use, some of these identical chairs only stained the color of ebony, after the fashion of some Venetian mirrors.

And yet we put in a plea for the dwellings of the really poor, and would condemn, just as strongly, the misguided enthusiast who should teach the poor to emulate the monochromatic decoration of our model kitchen, and to avoid the use of strong colours or naturalistic representation on the walls of their dwellings. The gaudy paper, with its impossible bunches of flowers, and the still more glaring carpet, are frequently the only signs of color and brilliancy in the apart-

ment, and contrast favourably with the sombre every day apparel of its occupants. Here the wallpaper and carpeting form the decoration of the room, whereas, in wealthier dwellings they are oftener mere groundwork on which to arrange the light and shadows of furniture, and against which to play off the masses of coloured window hangings, of paintings and other accessories, and therefore require to be viewed from an entirely different standpoint.

It is to be feared that, as a rule, the enterprising purveyors of articles of furniture for domestic use have had little or no education qualifying them to offer an opinion as to what is or what is not best: the keen competition of the day has resulted in a lamentable want of attention to the most elementary principles of construction and ornamentation. The recent movement on this continent in the important matter of technical education will, it is hoped, lead the way to some improvement in our manufacturing centres, by awakening in the masters a sense of their responsibility, and inducing a wider appreciation, amongst artisans themselves, of industrial art, without which the utmost interest on the part of the public will be unavailing.

Amongst the outrages to common sense, in the field of industrial art, may be mentioned the singular fertility of invention displayed in the concealment of locks and fastenings, which one would imagine should be the most prominent features, except in the case of 'secret drawers.' This has greatly given way before the prevailing pseudo-Gothic taste of the period, which is almost as painful in its display of massive brazen handles and overpowering hinges as was the other in its utter absence of them. Much as we dislike to see a door with no perceptible means of support, even this is preferable to the absurd appearance of a diminutive door clasped by a couple of hinges huge enough to carry ten times its size and weight, particularly when it encloses nothing more precious than a few household requisites.

'Do not conceal the construction,' was the maxim of a late famous architect. That is, let the construction show itself; do not bring it into distressing prominence, but by no means hide it as if ashamed of it. The practice of veneering, legitimate enough within certain bounds, had gone near to mislead the public into the notion that the wood was moulded and cast into form, so little indication was there of anything like framing or joinery. As for wood-carving, its condition has become so wretchedly hopeless, that it is no wonder a revulsion of feeling has set in against it altogether. And indeed, we would seriously advise those who cannot afford the best work of its kind to avoid the inferior specimens entirely, and to keep to a plain treatment of the material.

Much has yet to be done by the cabinet-maker in the judicious arrangement and disposition of the various parts of his framework, so as to obtain the greatest effect with the least outlay of labour—labour in these days, being too costly a commodity to admit of extravagant use.

Another feature of preposterous conventionality is the tedious repetition of plate-glass in the backs of our sideboards. Plate-glass is by no means a good background for ornaments. True, it produces a glitter, and duplicates everything placed in front of it; but all this rather detracts from than heightens the effect of the article in question, especially if it be of real excellence.

How much more might be done, at one half the cost of some 'magnificent plate-glass backs,' by a careful arrangement of shallow shelves and cupboards, raised just so as not to interfere with the slab of the sideboard (which should be left clear), affording, at once, an excellent opportunity for a modest and useful display of some choicer portions of household china or glass, some silver heirloom or other nick-nack, formerly consigned to the housekeepers' room or china closet! In the same way there is ample scope for similar treatment of that marvel of ugliness, the modern chimney-piece.

And here we venture to demur to the traditional 'chimney-glass in gilt frame,' and ask: Where is the law compelling every householder to provide a huge reflector at one end of his room? Not that we are diametrically opposed to the introduction of a mirror in this particular place—it lightens up, and gives a feeling of air and breadth to a room; but we fail to see why one end of the apartment should be devoted to a broad expanse of silvered glass, which does nothing but repeat the other end, while the small projection of chimney-board is filled with a crowded group of ornaments and bijoutry, not one of which stands out in a clearly-defined form, each outline intersecting its own shadow, spoiling both the shadow and the reality, and only producing a confused impression in the spectators' mind. Why not arrange a gold or coloured background against which to place a few prominent vases, allowing the mirror if necessary to occupy the vacant space, and not to monopolise an entire wall? This abomination is less practiced here than in the old country, but even here the warning is not without application. What a marked difference many a room would present if only this question of suitable backgrounds was taken into consideration.

The notion that marble and plate-glass and gilded stucco are in themselves sufficient evidence of decoration must be dissipated. They may be an indication of the owner's purse, but will not stand him in stead of thoughtful taste. The homeliest fabric, the least costly material, may be made subject to artistic treatment, and prove a 'thing of beauty,' when the rarer mar-

bles and crystals have palled upon the mind's eye.

Much might be said upon the selection of carpets and curtains, of the pre-eminence still sustained by the deft weavers of India and Persia, notwithstanding the great advance in the designs and colouring of English textile fabrics.

We are, however, no rigorous advocates of any distinct formulæ in the province of art selection. So long as certain axioms are accepted, we would allow the widest margin for the exercise of individual taste, and even indorse that most comfortable assurance in which so many take refuge on finding themselves hopelessly at variance with some person or creed, viz. that *tastes differ*.

What we are chiefly desirous of placing on record is the imperative necessity—nay, duty—of every householder to bring the mind to bear, in calm thought and sound judgment, upon details of domestic surroundings, which must, more or less, reflect the character of their owner, which assuredly have an influence upon our lives and upon the lives of those about us, and which carry to succeeding generations no mean record of what manner of men we were.

After all, if, as we said, taste is intimately associated with character, we must reform the character before we can effectually reform the taste, either in a nation or an individual. But we do not believe our national character is so much at fault as that a certain want of consideration, a looseness of idea on the subject, and above all, an undue exaltation of cheapness, have led us into graver error than we care to admit. The judgment of the people once aroused, we believe we shall see in a few years results beyond the most sanguine expectations of the founders of our Science and Art Schools. Once let us fairly imbibe thorough principles of art, and, with characteristic energy, we shall infuse them into our everyday productions, and in this way maintain the prestige we are now in imminent danger of forfeiting.

PROVERBS.

Proverbs have a nationality. The dry humour of the Scotch, the airy grace of the French, the keen wit of the Italian, the sober practical sense of the English are all represented. Richard Hillis gives an English version of a well-known French proverb, and what it gains in vigour it loses in elegance. "It is easy to walk if one leads one's horse by the bridle," say our neighbours; the English, "He can easily swim that is led by the chin." An Oriental pithiness distinguishes the Italian "Traduttori, traditori," ("Translators, traitors"); and the Spanish, "Who knows nothing doubts nothing." On one subject all nationalities agree—not one of them has a good word for the female sex. Were all the authors of proverbs disappointed old bachelors or henpecked husbands? One would almost surmise this from the unflattering opinions they record of women. Whether they are condemned with "faint praises," as in the English, "All women are good; if they are not good for something they are good for nothing," or sneered at as in the Scotch, "It is a great pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot," or more openly attacked, as by Oriental maxims, all the proverbs take the same note. One of our oldest rhyming proverbs, said to date in the fifteenth century, announces that—

"Two women in one house,
Two cats and one mouse,
Two dogs and one bone,
Never can agree in one."

This perhaps is not wholly untrue. Even the Mormons found it expedient to erect separate mansions for each of their spouses, and the experiment of families "living together" is not always productive of domestic harmony. If the majority of proverbs are anonymous, it is interesting to note now many great writers have contributed if not actual proverbs at least phrases that become "familiar as household words" to their national (and other) literature. In many cases the people who quote these expressions are quite ignorant of their source. Until the actors of the Comedie Francaise performed in London, Moliere's works could hardly be said to be very familiar to the majority of the English public. Yet Moliere, like Shakespeare, Pope, and Cervantes, is constantly quoted by people who never read a word of his plays. "Nous avons changé tout cela" has become a familiar phrase, but many who use it are not aware that it is taken from the "Medecin malgré Lui" (Act ii., Scene 6), when the counterfeit doctor explains his ignorant mistakes in anatomy by exclaiming "Nous avons changé tout cela" (the position of the heart in the body), "et nous faisons maintenant la médecine d'une méthode toute nouvelle." "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère" is in like manner often quoted by persons who have never heard of "Les Fourberies de Scapin," where the expression originally occurs (Act iii., Scene 11). It would be easy to multiply instances. There is the story of a young man who remarked that "Hamlet" was a good play enough, but so full of quotations; and in like manner fragments of many great writers take rank as household phrases, whose users are surprised when they meet them in their original form.

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From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

MARIE.

(Translated from French of Alfred de Musset.)

When some pale floweret of the spring
Uplifts her infant face,
At the first wave of Zephyr's wing
She smiles with timid grace.

Her stem, fresh, delicate, and coy,
At each new blossom's birth
Trembles with vague desire and joy
E'en in the breast of earth.

So, when Marie, devout and calm,
From lips half-parted pours a psalm,
And lifts her azure eyes,
Her soul in harmony and light
Seems from the world to take its flight,
Aspiring to the skies.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

LOOKING IN THE GLASS.

Most readers are no doubt acquainted with Buonaparte's superstition regarding the breaking of a looking-glass. During one of his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. So disturbed was he at this, as he thought ominous occurrence, that he never rested until the return of the courier, whom he had forthwith despatched to convince himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind. In Cornwall, breaking a looking-glass is believed to ensure seven years of sorrow; and a Yorkshire proverb informs us that such an unfortunate occurrence entails "seven years' trouble but no want." In Scotland, to smash a looking-glass hanging against a wall is regarded as an infallible sign that a member of the family will shortly die. Grose, alluding to this superstition, says it foretells the speedy decease of the master of the house. It has been suggested that this popular fancy dates very many years back, and probably originated in the destruction of the reflected human image—an interesting illustration of how the association of ideas in the formation of superstition is often determined by mere analogy. Thus, a similar style of thinking underlies the mediæval necromancers practice of making a waxen image of his enemy, and shooting at it with arrows in order to bring about the enemy's death.

In the South of England it is regarded highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding day to look in the glass, when she is completely dressed, before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove or some slight article of adornment, after the last lingering and reluctant look has been taken in the mirror. The idea, we are informed, is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking-glass will be unfortunate when married. This is not however the only way in which superstition interferes with the grown-up maiden's peeps in the looking-glass. Thus Swedish damsels are afraid of looking in the glass after dark, or by candlelight, lest by so doing they forfeit the goodwill of the other sex. On the other hand, in England, the looking-glass occasionally holds a prominent position in love divinations. In the northern countries a number of young men and women meet together on St. Agnes' Eve at midnight, and go, one by one, to a certain field, where they scatter some grain, after which they repeat the following rhyme;

Agnes sweet and Agnes fair,
Hither, hither, now repair;
Bonny Agnes, let me see
The lad who is to marry me.

On their return home it is believed that the shadow of the destined bride or bridegroom will be seen in the looking-glass on this very night. Hence, for many an hour together, the young inquirers sit up anxiously watching the looking-glass, before which they not unfrequently fall asleep, mistaking the visions that have appeared in their dreams for actual realities. Belgian girls who desire to see their husbands in a dream lay their garters crosswise at the foot of the bed and a looking-glass under their pillow; in this glass they believe the desired image will appear. The practice of covering or removing the looking-glass from the chamber of death still prevails in some parts of England—the notion, according to some, being that "all vanity, all care for earthly beauty, are over with the deceased." It has also been suggested that, as the invisible world trenches closely upon the visible one in the chamber of death a superstitious dread is felt of some spiritual being imaging himself forth in the blank surface of the mirror. Mr. Baring-Gould considers that the true reason for shrouding the looking-glass before a funeral was that given him in Warwickshire, where there is a popular notion that if a person looks into a mirror in the chamber of death he will see the corpse looking over his shoulder. A similar superstition prevails in some parts of Devonshire.

If the looking-glass is associated with marriage and death, so it is with infancy; for, according to a piece of Durham folk lore, a boy or girl should never be allowed to look in one until a year old. In days gone by too it appears to have been customary for both sexes to wear small looking-glasses—a fantastic fashion ridiculed by Ben Johnson and others of his time. Men even wore them in their hats. "Where is your page? Call for your casting bottle, and place your mirror in your hat as I told you." This we may suppose, was the very height of affectation, by the manner in which Ben Johnson introduces it; but there can be no doubt, to use the words of Mr. Gifford, that both men and women wore them publicly—the former as brooches or orna-

ments in their hats, and the latter at their girdles or in their breasts, nay, sometimes in the centres of their fans. As an illustration of the last custom he quotes Lovelace, who makes a lady say:

My lovely shade thou ever shalt retain
In thy inclosed feather-framed glasse.

Stubbs speaks with coarse anger of this ridiculous practice, and in his "Anatomic of Abuses" says:—"They must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they go, and good reason, for else how could they see the devil in them?"

In Massinger's "City Madam" the Lady Rich, her daughter, and Millicent come in with looking-glasses at their girdles. Referring however to the superstitious uses to which mirrors were applied by our forefathers, it seems that they were supposed to be most effective agencies in divining secrets and bringing to light hidden mysteries. Thus, there is a tradition that the Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr. John Dee with his magic mirror. We find in a prayer book, printed by Baskett in 1837, an engraving which depicts the following quaint scene.—In the centre is a circular looking-glass on a stand, in which is the reflection of the House of Parliament by night and a person entering carrying a dark lantern. On the left side there are two men, in the costume of James' time, looking into the mirror, one evidently the king, the other probably Sir Kenelm Digby. On the right side, at the top, is the eye of Providence darting a ray on to the mirror, and below are some legs and hoofs, as if evil spirits were flying out of the picture. This plate, says a correspondence of *Notes and Queries*, would seem to represent the method by which, under Providence (as is evidenced by the eye) the discovery of the gunpowder plot was at that time seriously believed to have been effected. The tradition, moreover, must have been generally believed, or it never could have found its way into a prayer book printed by the kings printer. It may be noted however that, as the fame of Dee's magic mirror was at its zenith about the time of the gunpowder plot, this may have led to the mirror being adopted as a popular emblem of discovery, or "throwing light" upon a subject. Hence, it has been reasonably suggested, the mirror in the print may be simply a piece of artistic design, rather than evidence of its actual employment in the discovery.

Brand informs us, in his "Popular Antiquities" (1849, ii. 168), that looking-glasses were formerly used by magicians in "their superstitious and diabolical operations." He quotes an old authority who says: "Some magicians being curious to find out by the help of a looking-glass or a glass full of water, a thief that lies hidden, make choice of young maids to discern therein those images or sights which a person defiled cannot see." Potter tells us that, when divination by water was performed with a looking-glass, it was called "catopromancy." Sometimes our ancestors dipped a looking-glass into the water when they were anxious to ascertain what would become of a sick person. According as he looked well or ill in the glass, so they foretold whether he would recover or not. In the lists of superstitious practices preserved in the "Life and character of Harvey," the famous conjuror of Dublin (1728), with "fortune telling, dreams, visions, palmistry, physiognomy, etc.," there occur also "looking-glasses." It is curious to find this species of superstition existing among the Africans of the Guinea coast. They believe in a particularly hideous devil, but say that the only means of defence they require against his assaults is a looking-glass. If any one will only keep this preservative at all times beside him, the devil cannot help seeing himself in it, which causes him at once to rush away terrified at the sight of his own ugliness.

Another source of ill-luck consists in seeing the new moon reflected in a looking glass, or through a window pane; and Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties" (1880, 114), relates the case of a maid-servant who was in the habit of shutting her eyes when closing the shutters, for fear she might unexpectedly catch a glimpse of it through the glass. Once more, it was once customary in Scotland on Allhallow Even to practice various kinds of devinations, among which Burns mentions the following:

Wee Jennie to her grannie says,
Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnnie.

The custom here alluded to was this:—The young woman took a candle and went alone to the looking glass, where she either ate an apple or combed her hair all the time she stood before it; meanwhile the face of her future partner was said to peer in the glass, as if peeping over her shoulder. It may not be inappropriate, briefly speaking on looking-glass superstitions, to allude to the well-known tradition connected with the "Luck of Edenhall." From time immemorial there has been a current belief that any one who had the courage to rush upon a fairies' festival and snatch from them their drinking glass would find it prove to him a constant source of good fortune, supposing he could bear it across a running stream. A glass has been carefully preserved at Edenhall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been a sacred chalice; but the legendary tale is that the butler one day, going to draw water, surprised a company of fairies who were amusing themselves on the grass near the well. He seized the glass which was standing upon its margin, which the fairies

tried to recover; but, after an ineffectual struggle, they vanished, crying:

If that glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.

Another version of these lines is

Whene'er this cup shall break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.

The good fortune, however, of this ancient house was never so much endangered as by the Duke of Wharton, who on one occasion, having drunk the contents of this magic glass, inadvertently dropped it, and here most certainly would forever have terminated the luck of Edenhall, if the butler, who stood at his elbow to receive the glass, had not happily caught it in his napkin. It was a popular superstition in former years that fine glass, such as that of Venice, the only crystal glass originally made, would break if poison were put into it. To this peculiar notion Massinger gracefully alludes:

Here crystal glasses—
* * * * * this pure metal
So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress,
Or master, that possesses it, that rather
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself
It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor.

This is among the errors noticed by Sir Thomas Browne, who says:—"And though it be said that poison will break a Venice glass, yet have we not met with any of that nature. Were there a truth herein, it were the best preservative for princes and persons exalted to such fears; and surely far better than divers now in use."

T. F. THISTLETON DYER.

JACK AND THE MOUNTAIN PINK.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

Young Selden was bored. Who was not bored among the men? It was the tense summer of '78. A forlorn band of refugees from the plague crowded a Nashville hotel. There was nothing for the men to do but to read the fever bulletins, play billiards in an insensate sort of way, and keep out of the way of the women crying over the papers.

Young Selden felt that another month of this sort of thing would leave him melancholy mad. So he jammed some things into a light bag and started off for a tramp over Cumberland Mountain.

"I envy you," said a decrepit old gentleman, with whom he was shaking hands in good-by. "I was brought up in the mountain country fifty years ago. Gay young buck I was! Go in, my boy, and make love to a mountain pink! Ah, those jolly, barefooted, melting girls! No corsets, no back hair, no bangs, by Heaven!" It was the afternoon of a hot September day. Young Selden had started that morning from Bloomington Springs in the direction of the Window Cliff—a ridge of rocks from which he had been told a very fine view could be obtained. The road grew rougher and wilder, seeming to lose itself in hills, stumps, and fields, and was as hard to trace out as a *Bazaar* pattern. He finally struck a foot-path leading to a log-cabin, where a very brown woman sat peacefully smoking in the doorway.

"Good-day," he said, taking off his hat. The brown woman nodded in a friendly manner—the little short meaning nod of the mountaineers, that serves, so to speak, as the pro-word of these silent folk. Young Selden inquired the way to Window Cliff.

"You can't git thar 's the crow flies," she drawled, slowly; "but I reckon my daughter k'n g'long with yer."

"Aha!" thought Selden—"a mountain pink!"

"Take a cheer," said the mother, rising and going within. He seated himself on the steps, and made friends with a dog or two.

A young girl soon appeared, tying on a sun-bonnet. She greeted him with a nod, the reproduction of her mother's, and drawled in the same tone, "Reckin you couldn't git tu Winder Cliff 'thout somebody to show you the way."

"And you will be my guide?"

"F co'se."

They started off, young Selden talking airily. He soon felt, however, that he shouldn't make love to this mountain pink. To begin with, there was no pink about her. She was brown, like her mother.

"Coffee!" thought Selden, with a grim remembrance of a black muddy liquid he had drunk a few nights before at a log-cabin, over which the very babies smacked their lips.

Her eyes had the melancholy of a cow's, without the ruminative expression that gives sufficient intellectually to a cow's sad gaze. To put it tersely, they looked stupid. Her mouth curled down a little at each corner. Her hair was not visible under her pea-green sun-bonnet. Her dress of whitish linsey was skimpy in its cut, and she wriggled in it as if it were a loose skin she was trying to get out of.

She was not a talker. She looked at Selden with big eyes, and listened impassively. He elicited from her that her name was Sincerity Hicks; and that her mother was the widder Hicks, and there were no others in the family; that she had never been to school, but could read, only she had no books.

"Should you like some?"

"Dunno. 'Pears 's if thar's too much to do 't fool over books."

Perhaps because he had talked so much, young Selden began to get out of breath. They had crossed a field, climbed a fence, and were descending a great hill, breaking a path as they

walked. He panted, and could hardly keep up with Sincerity, though she seemed not to walk fast. But she shot over the ground with a light-footed agility that aroused his envy. It looked easy, but since he could not emulate her, he concluded that long practice had trained her walk to its perfection. He noticed, too, that she walked parrot-footed, placing each new track in the impression of the other. Imitating this, awkwardly enough, he got on better.

Reaching the clear level at the bottom of the hill, he saw at a glance that he had penetrated to a wild and virginal heart of beauty. Like a rough water-fall melting into a silver-flowing river, the vexations and shaggy hill sloped to a dreaming village. Streams ran about, quietly as thoughts, over pale rocks. Calacanthus bushes, speckled with their ugly little red blooms, filled the air with a fragrance like that of crushed strawberries. Upspringing from this low level of prettiness rose the glory of the valley—the lordly, the magnificent birch-trees. The topmost boughs brushed against the cliffs that shut in the valley on the opposite side. How fine these cliffs were! They rose up almost perpendicularly, and freed half way of their height from the thick growth of underbrush, stood out in bare, bold picturesqueness. Window Cliffs! Aha! these were the windows. Two wide spaces, square and clean-blown, framing always a picture—now a bit of hard blue sky; other times pink flushes of sunrise, or the voluptuous moon and peeping eyes of stars.

"Want ter go t' the top?" inquired Sincerity.

"I—dunno," rejoined Selden, lazily. Truth was, he did not wish to move. He liked the vast shadows, the cool deeps, the singing tones of the valley. Then he was sure he had a blister on his heel. Still, to come so far—"How long a walk is it?"

"Oh, jest a little piece—'bout a quarter."

"Up and away, then!" cried young Selden.

A long "quarter" he found that walk. They crossed the valley, climbed a fence, and dropped into a corn field to be hobbled over. Up and down those hideous little furrows—it was as sickening as tossing on a chopping sea. Selden stopped to rest. Sincerity, not a feather the worse, looked over him with mild patience.

"Lemme tote yo' haversack," she said.

"No, no," said the young man, with an honest blush. But he was reminded of a flask of brandy in his knapsack, of which he took a grateful swig.

"Now," said his guide, as, the corn fields crossed, they emerged into the forest—"now we begin to climb the mountain."

Selden groaned. He had thought himself nearly on a level with the Window Cliff. To this day that climb is an excruciating memory to young Selden. He thought of

"Johnny Schnapps,
Who bust his shtraps,"

and wondered if the disaster was not suffered in going up a mountain. He felt himself melting away with heat. He knew that his face was blazing like a Christmas pudding, and dripping like a roast on a spit. He resigned the attempt to keep up with Sincerity. When they started on this excruciating tramp, the droop of her pea-green sun-bonnet had seemed to him abject; now, he knew that it expressed only contempt—contempt for the weakling and the stranger.

But one gets to the top of most things by trying hard enough, and they gained at last the rough crags that commanded the valley.

Ah! the fair grand State? There was a spot for a blind man to receive sight! The young man drew a long breath as he gazed over the bewitching expanse. All so fresh, so unbreathedon, the only hints of human life the log-cabins perched about, harmonious as bird's nests amid their surroundings.

Sincerity Hicks stood fanning herself with the green sun-bonnet. There was something pretty about her, now that this disfigurement was removed. But a mountain pink—what a pretty implication in the name!—no.

"So this is Window Cliff?" he said. "And is there any particular name for that ledge yonder?"

"'Tis called Devil's Chimney, 'nd the cut between is Long Hungry Gap."

"Long Hungry Gap!—where have I heard that famished name? Oh yes, some of Peter's scouts. You know Peters?"

"Yaas, I've heard tell o' Jim Peters."

Sincerity's drawl was not quickened, but Selden was surprised to see a light leap into her eyes as suddenly as a witch through a key-hole.

"These fellows had a room next to mine at the Bloomington Hotel," Selden went on, "and the walls are like paper, so I heard all they said."

"And what d'they say?"

"Well that the Captain was up the country on a moonshine raid; but that they were on the track of something better—had heard of a 'powerful big still' up in Long Hungry Gap—and would smash it up as soon as the Captain got back."

"D' they say when Peters was expected?"

"The next day."

Sincerity tied on her bonnet.

"Guess you kin find the way back," she remarked.

"Hello! what does this mean?"

"I've got somethin' t' attend to across the mounting."

"I'll go with you."

Sincerity stopped, and turned a serious face,

"Likely's not, you'll git hurt."



"GOOD-DAY," HE SAID, TAKING OFF HIS HAT."

"Oho! I'm in, if there's any chance of a scrimmage. Go ahead."

She did go ahead. If the path had been vexatious before, now it was revengeful and aggressive. In fact, there was no path. But Sincerity, like love, found out a way. Suddenly, like a comic mask popped on a friend's face, something sinister and strange burst upon them through the familiar woods. Or, rather, they burst upon it—a wild-cat still, securely sheltered under an innocent combination of rocks, ferns, and magnolia-trees.

Four or five wild-looking fellows sprang up, their hands on their rifles.

"None o' yo' shootin'," said Sincerity Hicks; "he's a friend."

"Sho he ain't a spy? 'Cause if that's the case, mister, you'll stay in these woods free down."

"My impetuous moonshiner, I don't call myself the friend of you law-breakers, but I'm no spy. I brought the news to the faithful Sincerity of Captain Peters being on your track."

Hurried questions were asked and answered. Several resolute voices suggested to fight it out, but all seemed to await the decision of an old man they called Jack, who leaned against a tub, with a touching expression of meekness under unmerited ill luck.

"No, boys," he said; "we ain't strong enough. But we'll run off what we can. Save the copper—we'll never get another so big an' satisfactory—an' the mash tun, an' as many of the tubs 's you can git off."

It was like a transformation scene. Things seemed to fly to pieces all at once, like a bomb-shell. The great copper still was hoisted on the shoulders of two or three men; the worm, the mash tun, the coolers, were taken down with celerity, and the unlucky moonshiners made off through the woods.

"Reckin th' rest 'll have ter go," said Jack, pensively; "but tell you what, Sincerity Hicks, seems 's if I couldn't b'ar to have 'em git th' old sow an' her pigs."

"Run 'em off."

"They're too young, honey. Come ere."

He led to a mimosa-tree behind a rock; and under its sensitive shade reposed like Father Nile a portly porcine mother, overrun with little pink blind pigs.

"Ain't you got a spar' tub?" asked the girl.

His face lighted. "I catches," he said, gently.

He brought an empty whiskey puncheon, and covered the bottom with straw. Then he lifted the pink pigs into it, assisted by Sincerity and the elegant Selden.

The mothers squealed. "Stuff her mouth," ordered the old man.

Sincerity thrust an ear of corn into the open jaws.

"Now," said Jack, "I'll run briefly through the woods, a-toting this, an' the old sow she'll follow—"

"No, you don't, Jack Boddy," said a quiet voice. "Smell o' that."

The ugly end of a rifle protruded itself. A Tennessee giant leaned against the rock. Peters. Of course it was Peters. What other man had that easy swagger, three feet of black beard, and as wide a grin in saying checkmate?

Jack Boddy smiled innocently.

"Why, Captain, you see me jest attendin' to a litter o' pigs o' mine."

"Yes, I see. An' my men is attendin' to some pigs o' yourn. Walk out, old 'coon."

Peters's scouts were destroying all that was left of the mountain still.

"Whar's the others?" asked one of the men.

"I run this here still all by myself," said Jack, with an air of ingenuous pride.

"What a lie!" said the Captain. "Have you cut his copper boiler, boys?"

"Tain't here."

"Whar's your copper, Jack?"

"Gone to heaven," said Jack, rolling his eyes.

"You can't make anything out o' Jack Boddy," said a scout, grinning.

"Well, I've got you, anyhow," cried the Captain—

"An' the oldest one in the business, Jim."

"—an' I'll ketch the rest in time. Come on, boys. We'll stop at the widder Hicks's to-night. Can your mother put us up, sissy?"

"Dunno," said Sincerity.

"Mighty know-nothin' all of a sudden." And turning to Selden: "You're a stranger, I see, mister. On the cirkit?"

"Not at all; only a traveller. Climbed the Window Cliff, and stumbled over here."

"F' you'd been in these parts a year or so ago," said an old man, relieving his mouth of the white whiskers he was chewing, "you'd 'a seen a sight o' stills. They were thick as weevils in flour. But a man of might arose in the land, and he cleared 'em out."

"Peters, I suppose?"

"Yessir—James Cook Peters, whose name

ought to be Gideon, the sword of the Lord; formerly an ignorant blacksmith of Tipper County, but advanced, by the grace of God an' the appointment of gov'ment, to bust wild-cat stills, an' flood the earth with hot whiskey a-steamin' from the vats."

"Any—er—murderin' involved in the blacksmithin' trade?" inquired Jack Boddy, with a casual air of interest.

Captain Peters turned an angry red, but said nothing.

"Becaze," continued the artless old man, "it's a pretty bloody business you've took up now. How many men have you killed? Five, I b'lieve, with your own hand, an' twenty-one with yer men."

"It was a fair fight," said the Captain. "I killed 'em honorable, an' was acquitted by the laws o' my country."

"And though their numbers should be seventy times seven," said the white-haired satellite of the Captain, "and the land run with blood, this thing has got to be put a stop to."

"Look a-here, James Riggs," said Jack, "this here moonshinin' is jest like a wriggle-worm. Don't you know, howsoever many pieces you chop 'em into, a fresh head 'll grow, an' a new worm swim away? Tell you, you can't stop moonshinin' 's long's there's an honest man in Old Hickory's State."

The crevice widened; other stars stole in sight. Selden felt as if his senses were leaving him. Now the crevice was obscured; and now something shining, glimmering, and cold as the light of eye or star, protruded itself cautiously as peeping mouse through the hole in the roof. It was the point of an open knife.

Selden almost sprang to his feet. Was he to witness murder? But somehow he trusted Jack Boddy—and he waited.

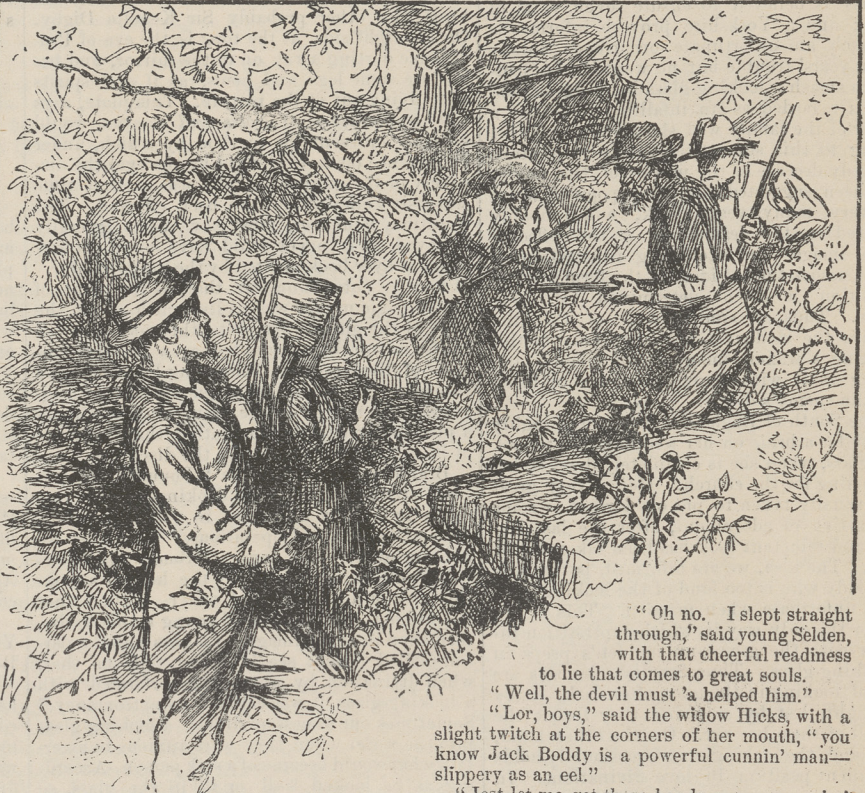
The knife was affixed to a knotted rope. It soon dangled within reach of Mr. Boddy's hand. And the sly moonshiner, with a silent grin at the sleeping Captain, cut the ropes that bound them together. Then hand over hand, lightly as a sail on he climbed the rope, slipped through the opening, and was gone.

"Over the hills, and far away."

Young Selden wanted to shout. But he contented himself with a quiet chuckle, and went to sleep.

He was awakened in the morning by blue-blaze swearing. The Captain was foaming at the mouth, James Riggs was wiping his eyes with a blue handkerchief, and the scouts were swearing by all that was blessed or damned that they had not closed their eyes.

"How is it with you, stranger?" said Captain Peters. "Did you see or hear anything?"



"Oh no. I slept straight through," said young Selden, with that cheerful readiness to lie that comes to great souls.

"Well, the devil must 'a helped him."

"Lor, boys," said the widow Hicks, with a slight twitch at the corners of her mouth, "you know Jack Boddy is a powerful cunning' man—slippery as an eel."

"Jest let me get these hands once more—jes' once more!"

"S'pose you'd kill him, wouldn't you?" said the widow, sweetly. "Lor, now, I s'pose you don't make no more of killin' a man 'n I do of wringin' a chicken's neck?"

"Don't excite him," implored James Riggs; "he's powerful plagued over this misfortune."

"Come to breakfast," said the widow. "I won't make no laughin'-stawk of him 'f I can help it."

"Damnation!" said the Captain.

As for Sincerity Hicks, she looked as stolid as a wooden Indian. Selden pressed some money in her hand at parting, and whispered, "My dear girl, I was delighted; you climb like a cat."

"Guess this 'll be good for some blue beads,"



"NO, YOU DON'T, JACK BODDY."



A "MOUNTAIN PINK."

she said, without moving a muscle; "I've been a-wantin' some a right smart while."

Young Selden shook with silent laughter as he strode away.

"A mountain pink," he murmured. "Oh no, a bean stalk—a Cumberland bean stalk."

"NONE O' YO' SHOOTIN', SAID SINCERITY."

"The Lord commanded, and the sun stood still," said James Riggs; "twon't be no harder job 'n that."

As they talked, they were descending the mountain. The noble Jack, alas! was handcuffed, and guarded between two men. From time to time he scratched his head against the end of a rifle that was nearer his ear than some men would have liked. Evidently, though open to reproach, Mr. Boddy was a knight without fear.

The widow Hicks manifested no surprise at the coming of her guests. They found her with her hands plunged into a great tray of meal and water—enough to make hoe-cake for a regiment. "Hurry up with supper, old woman," said Captain Peters. "I'm dead tired. I rid all last night, an' ain't slept for three nights runnin'."

At supper he could hardly keep his eyes open. "I'll turn in right off," he said.

There were some preliminaries to be gone through with—not of prayers or undressing, however. The Captain eyed his prisoner thoughtfully, and remarked, "B'lieve they call you Slippery Jack?"

"I am kind of hard to hold," said Mr. Boddy, with a modest twinkle.

"So?"

Another moment, and Jack was tightly bound by a tight rope around the Captain's own body. "I reckon you don't git away to-night."

"Dunno!" said Jack.

The cabin had two rooms. In one the widow, Sincerity, and Mr. James Riggs went to bed. Mr. Boddy and the Captain occupied the one bed in the other. A third of it was offered young Selden, but he preferred a blanket and the floor. The scouts were divided, and guarded doors and windows.

Young Selden could not sleep. The wild novelty of the situation excited him, and his aching limbs made him toss uneasily. A little fire snouldered on the hearth, and big shapeless shadows clutched at each other in the corners. Plenty of sounds broke the silence. The Captain, happy in having made a Siamese twin of Slippery Jack, snored as if he were choking to death. The guards talked and jested roughly. A whip-poor-will's three wild notes sounded just above the roof. He wondered if Jack was asleep. No; there was a slight alert movement of his body, and young Selden caught the gleam of a wild blue eye under a shaggy eyebrow. With perceptions sharpened, intensified, Selden waited for he knew not what. Mr. Boddy's eye rolled upward—and what! a wilder, brighter eye, a star, shone with answering ray through a crevice in the roof.



PENELOPE.

The darting needles flash and fly,
The web flows downward to her knee;
Kings, princes, thronging round her cry;
"Oh, love and youth so soon go by;
The morning's dew by noon is dry,
Then choose among us now, Penelope!"

She shows no sign of her heart's pain;
Her lips smile on in feigned glee;
Only her blue eyes still disdain
Shows how they ill may hope to gain
What she will keep; they cry in vain:
"Oh, choose among us now, Penelope!"

The wondrous web more lovely grows;
"She weaves the blueness of her eye"
They say—"She weaves her cheeks' soft rose;
The golden of her hair here flows,
The warmth of her lips' crimson glows
In living colours that shall never die."

The days pass on, and every day
(Though well she works and faithfully)
The slanting sunbeams seem to play
On the same length of colours gay,
And still the eager suitors pray:
"Oh, choose among us now, Penelope."

Fredericton, N.B.

BETH.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Charles Warner's "My Winter on the Nile," comes out in a new edition uniform with "In the Levant." In spite of all that has been written of the East, both before and since Mr. Warner, these books will always have a charm of their own, as records of the personal impressions of a acute observer and withal a singularly pleasant writer, who went to the Nile with no special object, and who invites us to follow him and see the country just as he saw it. The social and financial state of Egypt has changed since the book was first written, but Mr. Warner has wisely we think, left what he has said unaltered. The re-issue comes at an opportune time to meet the increasing demand for information about the East.—(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

ON THE THRESHOLD.—It would be well if we had more books like this little volume; better yet if we could persuade our young men to read them. In the form of lectures addressed to the "many men that stumble at the threshold," Mr. T. T. Munger has put into a clear and concise form the difficulties which beset our young men at the opening of their lives, and the principles which should be their guide in overcoming them. With an evident wish to impress upon his readers the desirability of using to the utmost the talents God has bestowed upon them, and neglecting no chance of honest advancement, Mr. Munger is yet most emphatic as to the importance, if not indeed the absolute necessity of special training, for success in any walk of life. It is true, no doubt, that many men, especially in a new country, have succeeded in life without this special training, but it is none the less true, that as the country grows older, it is becoming more essential every day, and that who neglect it will surely suffer. In other points Mr. Munger's views are no less sound. His doctrine as to amusements may be summed up in a single sentence. "They are free to you, but you have other business on hand." In a word, the work is thoroughly practical, and should be productive of real good.—(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.—Harper's new number is noticeable for an exhaustive paper on "The Gospel History in Italian painting," by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, jr. Mr. Conway's series of papers on the English Lakes is concluded in this number, and the illustrations of the picturesque scenery are really charming. The paper which will probably be best appreciated by ordinary magazine readers, however, is that on "Literary and Social Boston," by G. P. Lathrop, full as it is of entertaining gossip about contemporary literateurs, and containing besides portraits of many men of note, some interiors which make us envious of the possessors of such cosy retreats. The easy chair has a capital review of "Endymion."

Lippincott's Magazine for February contains an interesting sketch of a trip through Manitoba, by Alice Ilgenfritz, which is capital illustrated, and should interest readers in this country. It contains also a criticism of Sarah Bernhardt; a discussion of the various types of journals, an analytical description of Welch women and two or three fair stories.

The Atlantic Monthly opens with two chapters of Miss Phelps's admirable serial story "Friends. A Duet." William M. Rossetti, in his second paper on "Wives of La Fontaine, Molière, Racine, Lessing, Bürger, Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. Major Ben. Perley Poore continues his authentic and entertaining "Reminiscences of Washington" with a capital paper on the Taylor Administration. Richard Grant White returns to his English tour with an article entitled "In London Again." These essays are admirably written, and are both entertaining and full of acute observations. Other essays, poems, stories, reviews of new books, a well-filled "Contributors' Club," and a running account of the books of the month, conclude an excellent number of this sterling magazine.

The Midwinter number of Scribner's Magazine is fully equal to what we have been accustomed to expect from this favorite publication. The illustrations are of a very high order, notably those of "An Old Virginia Town." We are glad

to hear that the success of Scribner in England, where it has lately been introduced is so pronounced that the English publishers of the magazine have telegraphed for seventeen thousand copies of the present number, a respectable little circulation in itself.

WE have received from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, a copy of Sullivan and Gilbert's amusing opera "The Pirates of Penzance," just published by them. Many of those who laughed so heartily over the funny situations and enjoyed the lively music of the piece when represented here, will be glad to possess an authentic copy.

AYER'S ALMANAC for 1881 appears in a wonderful polyglot form; no less than nine different languages being laid under contributions in its production.

DR. SOUTHALL, OF RICHMOND, (VA.) ON PLIOCENE MAN.

VICTORIA (PHILOSOPHICAL) INSTITUTE OF ENGLAND.—A meeting of this Society took place on the 17th of January, at 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, when a paper on "Pliocene Man in America," by Dr. Southall, of Virginia, United States, was read; after which the results of all recent researches on the subject were described in a paper by Dr. Dawson, F.R.S., of McGill College, Montreal. The Duke of Argyll, K.G., and Professor McKenny Hughes (Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge) followed with communications, in which they agreed with the two previous authors, and showed that there was no reason for considering any of the hitherto discovered remains of so-called ancient man, whether in America, or Europe, to be other than modern. Mr. Mello, F.G.S., and other geologists, followed in considering the subject. About twenty new members were elected, and it was announced that the lists for the year were now open for home and foreign members. The object of the Society is to investigate impartially all questions of philosophy and science said to militate against the truth of Revelation. Many leading American prelates, clergy, and laymen have already joined it.

CHRISTIAN ART IN MOSAICS.

Transplanted in the fifth century to the full daylight of the great basilicas, Christian art blossomed out into the strange, rich splendor of mosaic. This was the painting of the Middle Ages; "the painting for eternity," as Ghirlandajo called it. In the spacious churches which began to spring up as if by magic all over Christendom, apse and triumphal arch glowed with blue and purple and gold; rhythmic groups of majestic figures and splendid symbols gleamed down upon the worshippers. The subjects chosen for these mosaics were mystical rather than historical. Christ seated in solemn light in the midst of the four-and-twenty elders; Christ coming in glory on the clouds of sunset greeted by saints and evangelists; the Lamb on the hill of Zion, at whose foot flow the four rivers of Paradise, while the twelve sheep issue from the gates of Bethlehem and Jerusalem on either hand; mystic palm-trees, sparkling with gold, and jewels, and the immortal phoenix, and Jordan with shining waves—these were the themes chosen by the Christians to give light and magnificence to their first temples. But among the earliest mosaics there are also some historical scenes, although the material limitations of the art prevented anything more than an imperfect and suggestive style of treatment. In the baptistry of S. Giovanni in Fonte, at Ravenna, there is a mosaic of the baptism of Jesus, in which the river Jordan is personified as an old man with urn and reed.

The most interesting group of old Christian mosaics is in the noble basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, at Rome. They are almost as brilliant to-day as when they were made. A frieze of vivid Old Testament pictures surmounts the pillars of the nave, increasing in splendor until they reach the chancel arch. Here is the great mosaic of the Lamb seated on the throne of the Apocalypse, and on either side smaller scenes from the New Testament. They represent the Annunciation (one of the earliest pictures of this subject), the Angel appearing to Zacharias, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Presentation, the Adoration of the Magi, and Herod receiving the head of John the Baptist.

The picture of the Adoration is especially interesting for the light which it throws upon the position of the early Church in regard to Mariolatry. In the mosaic as it was originally made, the Christ-child alone occupied a throne or seat of honour. In another chair, opposite to his, was seated a man with a long blue mantle veiling his head. This was meant to be the oldest of the Wise Men. The two others, in Oriental dress, were seen approaching from the same side, and behind the seat of the Child stood his mother. In the last century Pope Benedict caused the upright figure to be erased, and a halo to be put around the head of the seated figure, transforming it into the Virgin Mary. This illustrates very beautifully the great change which has taken place in the Roman Church in regard to the dignity assigned to the mother of Christ.

In these mosaics of the earlier and Western school we see a striving after individual character and personality in the expression of face and

figure. The artist is no longer content with the symbolic representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd. He wishes to invent a noble countenance, a sublime form, which shall be worthy to embody the redeemer of the world before his worshippers. This tendency finds its climax in the great mosaic of SS. Cosmo e Damiano, in Rome (526-530). The mighty Christ, who looks down from the dark blue apse into the poor, dingy little church, is clothed with majesty; his head, with its dark beard and flowing hair, is strong and solemn as that of a youthful Jupiter Capitolinus, yet lighted with a mild benignity which befits the all-merciful Saviour of men.—HENRY J. VAN DYKE, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It is stated that the memorable minister of the Empire, M. Emile Ollivier, intends founding a new political paper in Paris.

A SPECIAL portion of the Louvre has been set apart under the title "La Musée Thiers," for the reception of the art collection of that illustrious statesman.

A STATUE of Denis Papin, who is regarded by Frenchmen, but by no one else, as the inventor of the steam engine, was unveiled last week in the Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers. A lecture on this eminent Huguenot was delivered in this former monastery by M. Dide, an eloquent Protestant pastor.

GREAT indignation is being expressed in Paris at the discovery that some miscreant has been placing vitriol, or other corrosive liquid, into the receptacles for holy water in one of the churches. Many persons are stated to have had their fingers and faces burnt on the evening of Christmas day when crossing themselves with the water on entering the church in question.

THE following is the list of the writers, all born in Paris, who are to have their statues outside the new Hotel de Ville: D'Alembert, Arnault, D'Argenson, Bailly, Beaumarchais, Béranger, Boileau, Budé, Burnouf, Cavaignac, Courier, Estienne, L'Estoile, Frérêt, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Malebranche, Marivaux, Michelet, Molière, Musset, Pasquier, Perrault, Picart, Quinault, Regnard, Mme. Roland, Rollin, Saint-Simon, Georges Sand, Sauval, Scribe, Sedaine, Mme. de Sévigné, Sylvestre de Sacy, Mme. de Staël, de Thou, Turgot, Villain, Voltaire.

A CURIOUS trial has just been concluded before a Parisian tribunal. An actor, M. Loir, complained that having paid three hundred francs, on account of a nose, to one Monsieur Vivière, over two years had elapsed without the said nose being forthcoming. In proof of payment the plaintiff produced the following receipt: "Reçu de M. Loir, la somme de 300 francs à valoir sur son nez.—Vivière." (Received of M. Loir, the sum of three hundred francs on account of his nose.) The court considered that unreasonable time had already been taken by the defendant, and adjudged M. Loir the repayment of the money, with the further sum of eighty-six francs for removal of a portion of the original organ, the plaintiff having been forced to employ a surgical instrument to make good the deficiency.

VARIETIES.

A VERY curious and interesting letter has just been found among the papers of the late Cardinal Antonelli, written by Victor Emanuel to Pius IX. at the time of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops. The King says in it that he thought he was rendering a service to the Church by occupying the city in a regular manner, instead of leaving it a prey to the revolution. On this passage there is a marginal note, in the hand of Pius IX., to the effect that he quite comprehends this reasoning, and is grateful to the King, but that before the world it is necessary for him to protest.

THE census enumerators in New York and Brooklyn have discovered that certain persons have been making a first-class article of Jamaica rum, by distilling refuse old shoes with cheap spirits, thereby acquiring both "body" and the requisite color, without the expense of using burnt sugar. This interesting product is purchased in quantity, and not only by the proprietors of "gin-mills" and corner grog-shops but by druggists.

EDWIN BOOTH says that the most genuine compliment he ever received was on the occasion of his playing Iago for the first time at Grass Valley, then a new mining camp. The audience, who had not seen a play for years, were so much incensed at his apparent villainy that they pulled out their "shooters" in the middle of the third act, and began blazing away at the stage. Othello had the tip of his nose shot off at the first volley, and Mr. Booth only escaped by rolling over and over up the stage and disappearing through a trap door.

AN inhabitant of Cabaceiras, City, Brazil, named Joaquim Marreiro, and his wife Juanita, aged respectively 103 and 97, contemplate ere long celebrating the eightieth anniversary of their junction in the bonds of holy matrimony. Of the twenty-three children born in wedlock to this aged pair, fourteen still survive, themselves

abnormally old men and women. Joaquim Marreiro's family at the present consists of 233 persons, including his venerable spouse and himself. A hundred and twenty-six grandchildren, and ninety-seven great-grandchildren will attend the ceremony, which, for want of a better name, might be described as the Compressed Steel Wedding.

WATER SPECTACLES.—Dr. Dudgeon describes an important invention he made some time ago in spectacles. These are called "diving spectacles," but this name does not exactly express their utility, as they may be used without diving. They are spectacles designed for seeing under water while the eye is in contact with the water as in ordinary free diving. The lenses of these spectacles are not glass lenses, but air lenses of sufficient magnifying power when immersed in water to restore the refractive power the eye loses when in contact with water. These lenses in no way affect vision in the air, but only in the water. They show the diver in clear water everything in the water as distinctly as if the objects were in the air and seen by the naked eye. When swimming, if the face be merely immersed below the surface of the water, these spectacles enable the wearer to see with perfect distinctness everything at the bottom of the water or in the water; under similar conditions the naked eye sees nothing distinctly.

THE EUROPEAN ELEMENT IN TOKIO.—Although Tokio is in the main still a Japanese city, exhibiting everywhere the life, the customs, and the costumes of the Japanese people, it bears many manifest and obtrusive evidence of European interposition. The railway, with European station and equipments, is the first great contrast with the native architecture and appliances which strikes one. Not far from it is the foreign settlement, where many of the houses are of European type; and in looking over the city from an eminence one sees bank buildings, schools, and occasional residences of foreign patterns rising up above the less elevated Japanese buildings—less elevated save as regards the temples alone, which here and there stand up high above all other Japanese constructions. Most of the great educational establishments, such as the University, the College of Engineering, the Military College, the Naval College, are of European style; as are also some of the barracks, and likewise some of the manufacturing establishments. In fact, buildings of this style, with which alone we are familiar at home, but which were perfectly unknown in Tokio a few years ago, are now very frequent and conspicuous objects in the bird's-eye view of the city.

OLD Maggie Dee had fully her own share of Scottish prudence and economy. One bonnet had served her turn for upwards of a dozen years, and some ladies who lived in her neighbourhood, in offering to make and present her with a new one, asked whether she would prefer silk or straw as material. "Weel, my leddies," said Maggie, after careful deliberation, "since ye insist on gien me a bonnet, I think I'll tak' a strae ane; it will maybe be a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm through wi't."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

E. H.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 310.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—In Problem No. 311 if the W B takes B (ch) the B K takes the B and gives check by discovery.

H. & J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 310.

We saw it stated recently, that Captain Mackenzie the Chess Champion of America, was residing in St. Louis, U.S., and that, should his prospects prove favourable, he would stay there permanently. It was, also, said that he was giving lessons in chess on reasonable terms.

We could not help thinking that the lovers of the game in St. Louis were in possession of an excellent opportunity to improve themselves, and we have no doubt many will take advantage of it.

Little is done, even among the most intelligent communities to give systematic instruction in a game which is universally acknowledged to be intellectually beneficial to all who may learn it; and this is but the second instance which we have had to notice during many years of what might be called chess classes.

The first was the very successful chess class at the Birkbeck Mechanics' Institution in London, Eng., where a master was engaged who gave instruction in the game, two or three hours a week, to about forty pupils.

We ought to say, however, that more than twenty years ago we saw in a Montreal paper an advertisement, from which we learnt that a gentleman recently from the mother country was desirous of giving lessons in the game at a reasonable rate; but inasmuch as we heard nothing respecting the results of his enterprise, we are led to conclude that he was obliged to go further to fare better, and that his endeavour to cultivate a love for chess in our midst, was very soon brought to an end. Indeed, many, we feel sure, will say that he was a very bold man to have made the attempt at all.

From observations occasionally dropped by some of our chess friends, it appears that a knowledge of the game is generally acquired through some accidental circumstance. A child watches two players engaged in a game, feels an interest in that which seems to absorb the attention of the antagonists, and from repeated observation and inquiry he learns some of the principles of the art, and at last becomes a chessplayer. It is on account of the few systematic endeavours that are made at the present time to instil into the minds of the young a taste for the noble art that so few good players are to be found, and that our clubs are so badly off for members.

The attempt of Captain Mackenzie to form a class at St. Louis will, we hope, be successful, and set an exam-

ple which will be followed by other cities in the States, and, by some, also, in the Dominion of Canada.

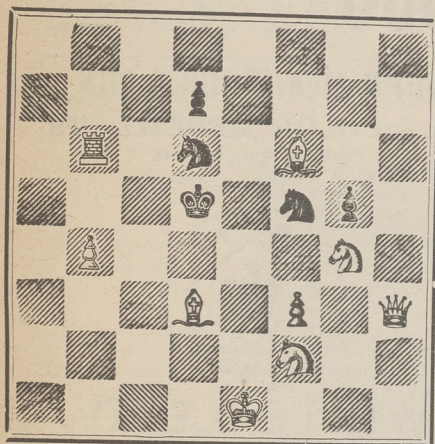
The coming Congress at Milan will, it is expected, bring Italy into full accord with the rest of the chess world by abandoning those laws as to castling, &c., which are peculiar to that country. Signor Dubois, until lately one of the firmest opponents of the change, has declared in favor of the reform; in fact, according to the correspondent of the *British Chess Magazine*, the chief adherents to the Italian game are the amateurs of Modena, the cradle of Pozzani, Lolli and Del Rio—the value of whose works on chess depends largely upon the maintenance of the ancient Italian rules.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

A match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Judd has been arranged; all particulars will be given next week.—*Globe-Democrat, St. Louis*.

PROBLEM No. 314.

By J. G. Finch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 441ST.

Played some time ago at Paris between Herr Gunzberg and an Amateur.
(Bishop's Gambit.)

White.—(Herr Gunzberg.) Black.—(M. Miesels.)

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. P to K B4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. B to B4 | 3. P to Q4 |
| 4. B takes P | 4. Q to R5 (ch) |
| 5. K to B sq | 5. Kt to K2 |
| 6. B to Kt3 | 6. P to K Kt4 |
| 7. Kt to Q B3 | 7. B to Kt2 |
| 8. P to Q4 | 8. Castles |
| 9. Kt to B3 | 9. Q to R4 |
| 10. Kt to K2 | 10. P to Kt5 |
| 11. Kt takes P | 11. Q to Q Kt4 (ch) |
| 12. P to B4 | 12. Q to Kt3 |
| 13. Kt to K5 | 13. P to Q B4 |
| 14. Kt takes Kt P | 14. P to B4 |
| 15. Kt to B2 | 15. B takes P |
| 16. Q takes B | 16. Q takes B |
| 17. Q takes P | 17. Q to R5 |
| 18. Q takes Kt | 18. Q takes P (ch) |
| 19. Kt to K2 | 19. P takes P |
| 20. Q to Kt5 (ch) | 20. K to R sq |
| 21. B to Q2 | Resigns. |

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 312.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt to Kt3 | 1. Kt to B6 |
| 2. R to K3 (ch) | 2. K takes R |
| 3. Q mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 310.

- | | |
|---------------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt to Q4 | 1. Any |
| 2. Mates acc. | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 311.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| K at Q4 | K at K B4 |
| R at Kt8 | Pawns at K R2, |
| B at K R2 | 4 and 5, and K Kt3 |
| Kt at K4 | |
| Pawns at K3 and 5, | |
| and K R3 and 6 | |
- White to play and mate in four moves.

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NOTICE.

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(No Newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.)

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent

General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 17th Jan., 1881.



SEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police clothing supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Thursday, February 17th.

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FRED. WHITE, J. S. DENNIS,
Comptroller, Deputy Minister
of the Interior.
Ottawa, Jan., 12th, 1881.

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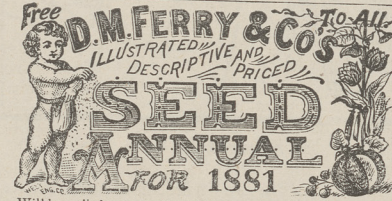


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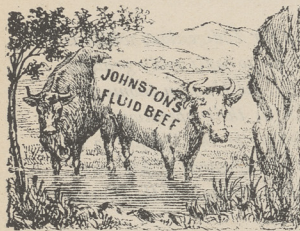


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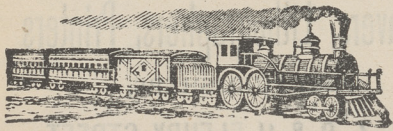


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Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per
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50 TORTOISE, Scroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and
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Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIX'D.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for			
Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Ho-			
chelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for			
Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Ho-			
chelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St.			
Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for			
Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for			
Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hoche-			
laga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains,
and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and
from Quebec.
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES.
TICKET OFFICES:
13 Place D'Armes, MONTREAL.
202 St. James Street,
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.
L. A. SENECA, Gen'l Supt.



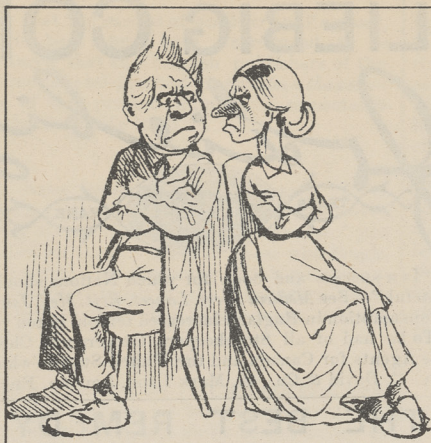
Washes with one half the
labor, time and cost
of ordinary soap.

THE CHINESE WASHER
No borax
required; does not
injure the finest fabrics, or
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Washes Flannels to perfection. Made by the Proprietors
of the Queen's Laundry Bar, Montreal, and sold
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BUY IT AND TRY IT.

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SYRUP of RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY
ALL DRUGGISTS
FOR COUGHS, COLDS



Cool and Cloudy.



Threatening and Squally.



A Momentary Lull.



Thunder and Some Rain.

FAMILY WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

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In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request
that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature
thus—



Lea & Perrins



without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
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Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and
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CAFE DES GOURMETS.

ACKERMANN BROS.

It is a well-known fact that Coffee roasted in the ordinary manner and not
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aromatic particles, and as this process goes on for months afterwards, the result
is apparent to every one.

WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

Being roasted and ground in a Patent Apparatus, packed in Glass Jars
while hot and then hermetically sealed; by this process not a particle of the
Aroma is lost.

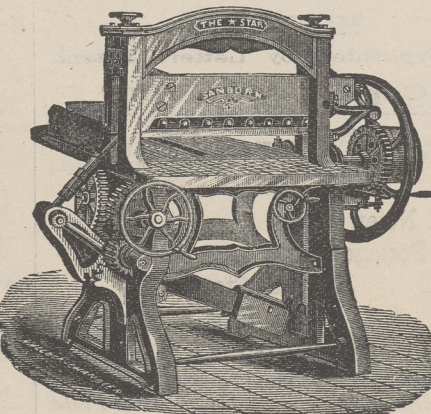
It is much stronger, for the reason that it is roasted higher, after the manner
of the French. They put no water with it while in the process of roasting, as is
universally done to save weight.

It is more economical, as two-thirds of this is equivalent to one pound of the
other Coffee.

It is clarified, has a beautiful colour, the flavour is delicious, wholesome and
invigorating.

WILLIAM JOHNSON & CO.,

77 St. James Street, Sole Agents, Montreal.

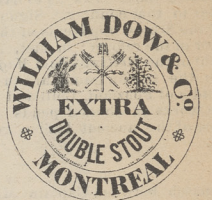


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30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.

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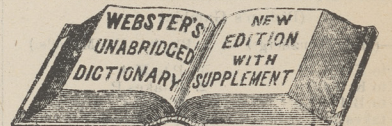


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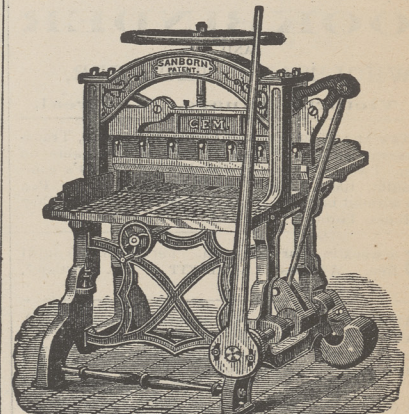
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